

THE
L I F E
O F
Baron Frederic Trenck;

CONTAINING
HIS ADVENTURES;
HIS CRUEL AND EXCESSIVE SUFFERINGS, DURING
TEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT, AT
THE FORTRESS OF MAGDEBURG,
BY COMMAND OF THE LATE
KING OF PRUSSIA;

ALSO,
ANECDOTES,
HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL.

Translated from the German,
By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

SECOND EDITION.
VOL. II.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
IN PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MDCCCLXXXIX.

THE LIFE

Baton Frederick Trenchard

CONTAINING

HIS ADVENTURES

IN THE
THE GREAT AND FAMOUS
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KING OF THE

WAMCOT

HISTORICAL POLITICAL AND

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SECOND EDITION

LONDON

1790

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BARON TRENCK.

My dungeon was in a casemate, the fore part of which, six feet wide, and ten feet long, was divided by a party wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casemate itself. The window, in the seven feet thick wall, was so situated that, though I had light, I could see nei-

VOL. II. B ther

ther heaven nor earth ; I could only see the roof of the magazine ; within and without this window were iron bars, and in the space between an iron grating, so close, and so situated, by the rising of the walls, that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison, or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisade, six feet from the wall, by which the centinels were prevented from conveying any thing to me. I had a matrafs, and a bedstead, but which was immovably ironed to the floor, so that it was impossible I should drag it, and stand up to the window ; beside the door was a small iron stove and a night table, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons, and my allowance was a pound and a half per day of ammunition bread, and a jug of water.

From



From my youth I had always had a good appetite, and my bread was so mouldy I could scarcely at first eat the half of it. This was the consequence of Major Rieding's avarice, who endeavoured to profit even by this, so great was the number of unfortunate prisoners; therefore, it is impossible I should describe to my readers the excess of tortures that, during eleven months, I felt from ravenous hunger. I could easily every day have devoured six pounds of bread; and every twenty-four hours after having received, and swallowed, my small portion, I continued as hungry as before I began, yet must wait another twenty-four hours for a new morsel. How willingly would I have signed a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats, on my property at Vienna, only to have satiated my hunger on dry bread! For, so extreme

was it, that, scarcely had I dropt into a sweet sleep, before I dreamed I was feasting at some table, luxuriously loaded, where, eating like a glutton, the whole company were astonished to see me, while my imagination was heated by the sensation of famine. Awakened by the pains of hunger, the dishes vanished, and nothing remained but the reality of my distress; the cravings of nature were but inflamed, my tortures prevented sleep, and, looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate suffered, if possible, increase, from imagining that the prolongation of pangs like these was insupportable. God preserve every honest man from sufferings like mine! They were not to be endured by the villain most obdurate. Many have fasted three days, many have suffered want for a week, or more, but certainly no one, beside

suffer myself, ever endured it in the same excess for eleven months. Some have supposed that to eat little might become habitual, but I have experienced the contrary. My hunger increased every day, and, of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this, of eleven months, was the most bitter.

Petitions, remonstrances, were of no avail; the answer was—"We must give no more, such is the king's command." The Governor General Borck, born the enemy of man, replied, when I entreated, at least, to have my fill of bread, "You have feasted often enough out of the service of plate taken from the king, by Trenck, at the battle of Sorau; you must now eat ammunition bread in your dirty kennel. Your Empress makes no allowance for your maintenance,

B 3

"and

“ and you are unworthy of the bread
 “ you eat, or the trouble taken
 “ about you.” Judge, reader, what
 pangs such insolence, added to such
 sufferings, must inflict. Judge what
 were my thoughts, foreseeing, as I
 did, an endless duration to this im-
 prisonment, and these torments.

My three doors were kept ever
 shut, and I was left to such medi-
 tations as such feelings, and such
 hopes, might inspire. Daily, about
 noon, once in twenty-four hours,
 my pittance of bread and water
 was brought. The keys of all the
 doors were kept by the governor;
 the inner door was not opened, but
 my bread and water were delivered
 through an aperture. The prison
 doors were opened only once a week,
 on a Wednesday, when the governor
 and town major, my hole having
 been first cleaned, paid their visit.

Having

Having remained thus two months, and observed this method was invariable, I began to execute a project I had formed, of the possibility of which I was convinced.

Where the night-table and stove stood the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which was no prisoner. My window was only guarded by a single sentinel; I therefore soon found, among those who successively relieved guard, two kind hearted fellows, who described to me the situation of my prison; hence I perceived I might effect my escape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining casemate, the door of which was not shut. Provided I had a friend, and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe, or could I swim across

that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile distant.

To describe my plan at length, would lead to prolixity, yet I must enumerate some of its circumstances, as it was remarkably intricate, and of gigantic labour.

I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the night-table was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, and all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick, behind, and concealed by, the night-table. The first layer was of brick. I afterwards came to large hewn stones. I endeavoured accurately

rately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, and all might appear safe. This having accomplished, I proceeded.

The day preceding visitation all was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preserved; the whole had, probably, been white-washed a hundred times; and, that I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff this afforded, wetted it, made a brush of my hair, then applied this plaister, washed it over, that the colour might be uniform, and afterward stripped myself, and sat, with my naked body against the place, by the heat of which it was dried.

While labouring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead, and, had they taken the precaution to come at any other time in the

B 5 week,

week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but, as no such ill accident befel me, in six months my Herculean labours gave me a prospect of success.

Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison; all of which, in a wall so thick, it was impossible to replace: mortar and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust; this dust I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened night-table to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, with the ravelled yarn of an old stocking, and to this affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be seen when standing on
the

the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared to the outer window, then, waiting till the wind should happen to rise, during the night I brushed it away, it was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside. By this single expedient I rid myself of at least three hundred weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labours: yet, this being still insufficient, I had recourse to another artifice, which was, to knead up the earth in the form of sausages, to resemble the human fæces: these I dried, and, when the prisoner came to clean my dungeon, hastily tossed them into the night-table, and thus disencumbered myself of a pound or two more of earth each week. I further made little balls, and, when the centinel was walking, blew them, through a paper tube, out of

the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

I cannot, however, describe my difficulties, after having penetrated about two feet into the hewn stone. My tools were the irons I had dug out, which fastened my bedstead and night-table. A compassionate soldier also gave me an old iron ramrod, and a soldier's sheath-knife, which did me excellent service, more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully shew. With these too I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the stone: yet the labour of penetrating through this seven-feet wall was incredible: the building was ancient, and the mortar, occasionally, quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continu-
ing

ing my work unremittingly for six months, I at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew, by coming to the facing of brick, which now was only between me and the adjoining casemate.

Meantime I found opportunity to speak to some of the centinels, among whom was an old grenadier called Gefhardt, whom I here name, because he displayed qualities of the greatest and most noble kind. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might best conduce to my escape.

Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, and crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, to take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native
of

of Dessau, Esther Heymannin by name, and whose father had been ten years in prison. This good, compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two other grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood centinel. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisades that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

I now wrote to my sister, the wife of the before-mentioned only son of General Waldow, described my situation, and intreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jews, hoping, by this means, I might escape from my prison. I wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Austrian abassador, at Berlin, in which was inclosed a draft,

a draft, for a thousand florins, on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit these to the Jews, having promised her that sum, as a reward for her fidelity. She was to bring the three hundred rix-dollars my sister should send to me, and take measures, with the grenadiers, to facilitate my flight, which nothing seemed able to prevent, I having the power either to break into the casemate, or, aided by the grenadiers and the Jews, to cut the locks from the doors, and that way escape from my dungeon. The letters were open, I being obliged to roll them round the stick to convey them to Esther.

The faithful girl diligently proceeded to Berlin, where she arrived safe, and immediately spoke to Count Puebla. The Count gave her the kindest reception, received
the

the letter, with the letter of exchange, and bade her go and speak to Weingarten, the secretary of the embassy, and act entirely as he should direct. She was received by Weingarten in the most friendly manner, who, by his questions, drew from her the whole secret, and our intended plan of flight, aided by the two grenadiers, and also that she had a letter for my sister, which she must carry to Hammer, near Custrin. He asked to see this letter, read it, told her to proceed on her journey, gave her two ducats to bear her expences, ordered her to come to him on her return, said that, during this interval, he would endeavour to obtain her the thousand florins for my draft, and would then give her further instructions.

Esther cheerfully departed for Hammer, where my sister, then a widow,

widow, and no longer, as in 1746, in dread of her husband, joyful to hear I was still living, immediately gave her the three hundred rix-dollars, exhorting her to exert every possible means to obtain my deliverance. Esther hastened back, with the letter from my sister to me, to Berlin, and told all that had passed to Weingarten, who read the letter, and enquired the names of the two grenadiers. He told her the thousand florins from Vienna were not yet come, but gave her twelve ducats, bade her hasten back to Magdeburg, to carry me all this good news, and then return to Berlin, where he would pay her the thousand florins. Esther came to Magdeburg, went immediately to the citadel, and, most luckily, met the wife of one of the grenadiers, who told her that her husband and his

com-

comrade had been taken, and put in irons the day before. Esther had quickness of perception, and suspected we had been betrayed: she therefore instantly again began her travels, and happily came safe to Dessau.

Here I must interrupt my narrative, that I may explain this infernal enigma to my readers, an account of which I received, after I had obtained my freedom, and still possess, in the hand-writing of this Jewess. Weingarten, as was afterwards discovered, was a traitor, and too much trusted by Count Puebla, he being a spy in the pay of Prussia, and one who had revealed, to the court of Berlin, not only the secrets of the Imperial embassy but also, the whole plan of the projected war. For this reason, he afterward, when war broke out, remained at Berlin in the Prussian service.

vice. His reason for betraying me was that he might secure the thousand florins, which I had drawn for on Vienna; for the receipt of the 24th of May, 1755, attests that the sum was paid, by the administrators of my effects, to Count Puebla, and has since been brought to account; nor can I believe that Weingarten did not appropriate this sum to himself, since I cannot be persuaded the ambassador would commit such an action, although the receipt is in his hand-writing, as may easily be demonstrated, it being now in my possession. Thus did Weingarten, that he might detain a thousand florins, with impunity, bring new evils upon me, and upon my sister, which occasioned her premature death; caused one grenadier to run the gauntlet, three successive days, and another to be hung.

Esther

Esther alone escaped, and since gave me an elucidation of the whole affair. The report at Magdeburg was that a Jewess had obtained money from my sister, and bribed two grenadiers, and that one of these had trusted, and been betrayed by, his comrade. Indeed, what other story could be told at Magdeburg, or how could it be known I had been betrayed to the Prussian ministry by the Imperial secretary? The truth, however, is as I have stated; my account book exists, and the Jewess is still alive.

Her poor imprisoned father was punished with more than a hundred blows, to make him declare whether his daughter had intrusted him with the plot, or if he knew whither she was fled, and miserably died in fetters. Such was the mischief occasioned by a rascal! And who might

might be blamed but the imprudent
Count Puebla?

In the year 1766, the Jews demanded of me a thousand florins; and I wrote to Count Puebla, that, having his receipt for the sum, which never had been repaid, I begged it might be restored. He received my agent with rudeness, returned no answer, and seemed to trouble himself little concerning my loss. Whether the heirs of the Count be, or be not, indebted to me these thousand florins, and the interest, I leave the world to determine. Thrice have I been betrayed at Vienna, and sold to Berlin, like Joseph to the Egyptians. My history proves the origin of my misfortunes was the persuasion that residents, envoys, and ambassadors, must be men of known worth and honesty, and not the vilest of rascals and miscreants. But, alas! the

the effects and money they have robbed me of have never been restored; and, for the miseries they have brought upon me, they could not be recompensed by the wealth of any or all the monarchs on earth. Estates they may, but truth they cannot, confiscate; and of the villainy of Abramson and Weingarten, I have documents and proofs that no court of justice could disannul.— Stop, reader, if thou hast a heart, and in that heart compassion! Stop, and imagine what my sensations are, while I remember, and recount, a part only of the injustice that has been done me, a part only of the tyranny I have endured! By this last act of treachery, of Weingarten, was I held in chains, the most horrible, for nine succeeding years! By him was an innocent man brought to the gallows! By him too my sister, my beloved,
my

my unfortunate sister, was obliged to build a dungeon for me, at her own expence ! Beside being amerced in a fine, the extent of which I never could learn. Her goods were plundered, her estates made a desert, her children fell into extreme poverty, and she herself expired in her thirty-third year, the victim of cruelty, persecution, her brother's misfortunes, and the treachery of the Imperial embassy !

Blessed shade of a beloved sister !—
 The sacrifice of my adverse and dreadful fate ! Thee could I never avenge !
 Thee could the blood of Weingarten never appease ! No asylum, however sacred, should have secured him, had he not sought that last of asylums for human wickedness and human woes, the grave ! To thee do I dedicate these few pages, a tribute of thankfulness ; and, if future re-
 wards

wards there are, may the brightest of these rewards be thine ! For us, nor for ours, may rewards be expected from monarchs who in apathy have beheld our mortal sufferings. Rest, noble soul, murdered, though thou wert, by the enemies of thy brother ! Again my blood boils, again the tears roll down my cheeks, when I remember thee, thy sufferings in my cause, and thy untimely end ! I knew it not—I sought to thank thee—I found thee in the grave—I would have made retribution to thy children, but unjust, iron-hearted princes had deprived me of the power.—Can the virtuous heart conceive affliction more cruel ? My own ills I would have endured with magnanimity ; but thine are wrongs I have neither the power to forget nor heal.

Enough of this. —

The worthy Emperor, Francis I. shed tears, when I afterward had the honour of relating to him, in person, my past miseries; I beheld them flow, and gratitude threw me at his feet. His emotion was so great that he tore himself away! I left the palace with all that enthusiasm of soul which such a scene must inspire.

He probably would have done more than pitied me, but his death soon followed. I relate this incident to convince posterity that Francis I. possessed a heart worthy an emperor, worthy of a man. In the knowledge I have had of monarchs, he stands alone. Frederic and Theresa both died without doing me justice; I am now too old, too proud, have too much apathy, to expect it from their successors. Petition I will not, knowing my rights; and

justice from courts of law, however evident my claims, were, in these courts, vain indeed to expect.—Lawyers and advocates I know but too well, and an army to support my rights I have not.

What heart that can feel but will pardon me these digressions! At the exact and simple recital of facts like these, the whole man must be roused, and the philosopher himself shudder.

Once more :—I heard nothing of what had happened for some days; at length, however, it was the honest Gefhardt's turn to mount guard; but the posts being doubled, and two additional grenadiers placed before my door, explanation was exceedingly difficult. He, however, in spite of precaution, found means to inform me of what had happened to his two unfortunate comrades.

The

The King came to a review at Magdeburg, when he visited the Star-Fort, and commanded a new cell to be immediately made, prescribing himself the kind of irons by which I was to be secured. The honest Gefhardt heard the officer say this cell was meant for me; and gave me notice of it, but assured me it could not be ready in less than a month. I therefore determined, as soon as possible, to complete my breach in the wall, and escape without the aid of any one. The thing was possible; for I had twisted the hair of my matrafs into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and descend the rampart, after which I might swim across the Elbe, gain the Saxon frontiers, and thus safely escape.

On the 26th of May I had determined to break into the next case-

mate ; but when I came to work at the bricks, I found them so hard, and strongly cemented, that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and spent, at day break, and, should any one enter my dungeon, they must infallibly discover the breach. How dreadful is the destiny by which, through life, I have been persecuted, and which has continually plunged me headlong into calamity, when I imagined happiness was at hand !

The 27th of May was a cruel day in the history of my life. My cell in the Star-Fort had been finished sooner than Gefhardt had supposed ; and at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard a carriage stop before my prison. Oh, God ! what was my terror, what were the horrors of this moment of despair ! The locks and bolts resounded, the doors
flew

flew open, and the last of my poor remaining resources was to conceal my knife. The town-major, the major of the day, and a captain entered; I saw them by the light of their two lanterns. The only words they spoke were, "dress yourself;" which was immediately done. I still wore the uniform of the regiment of Cordova. Irons were given me, which I was obliged myself to fasten on my wrists and ancles: the town-major tied a bandage over my eyes, and, taking me under the arm, they thus conducted me to the carriage. It was necessary to pass through the city to arrive at the Star-Fort: all was silent, except the noise of the escort; but when we entered Magdeburg, I heard the people running, who were crowding together, to obtain a sight of me. Their curiosity was raised, by the report that

I was going to be beheaded. That I was executed on this occasion, in the Star-Fort, after having been conducted blind-fold through the city, has since been both affirmed and written; and the officers had then orders to propagate this error, that the world might remain in utter ignorance concerning me. I indeed knew otherwise, though I affected not to have this knowledge; and, as I was not gagged, I behaved as if I expected death;—reproached my conductors in language that even made them shudder, and painted their king in his true colours, as one who, unheard, had condemned an innocent subject by a despotic exertion of power.

My fortitude was admired, at the moment when it was supposed I thought myself leading to execution. No one replied, but their sighs intimated

mated their compassion: certain it is, few Prussians willingly execute such commands. The carriage at length stopped, and I was brought into my new cell. The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. God of heaven!—what were my feelings, when I beheld the whole floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men standing with their smith-hammers!

* * * * *

To work went these engines of despotism!—Enormous chains were fixed to my ankle at one end, and at the other to a ring which was incorporated in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next rivetted another huge iron ring, of a hand's breadth, round

my naked body, to which hung a chain fixed into an iron bar, as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff, as represented in the plate. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

* * * * *

No soul bade me good night.—
All retired in dreadful silence ;—and
I heard the horrible grating of four
doors, that were successively locked
and bolted upon me !

Thus does man act by his fellow,
knowing him to be innocent, having
received the commands of another
man so to act.

Oh God ! thou alone knowest
how my heart, void as it was of
guilt, beat at this moment. There
sat I, destitute, alone, in thick dark-
ness, upon the bare earth, with a
weight

weight of fetters insupportable to nature, thanking thee that these cruel men had not discovered my knife, by which my miseries might yet find an end. Death is a last, certain refuge, that can, indeed, bid defiance to the rage of tyranny. What shall I say? How shall I make the reader feel as I then felt? How describe my despondency, and yet account for that latent impulse that withheld my hand on this fatal, this miserable night?

This misery I foresaw was not of short duration: I had heard of the wars that were lately broken out between Austria and Prussia. Patiently to wait their termination, amid sufferings and wretchedness such as mine, appeared impossible, and freedom even then was doubtful. Sad experience had I had of Vienna, and well I knew that those, who had

C.5 despoiled

despoiled me of my property, most anxiously would endeavour to prevent my return.—Such were my meditations! Such my night thoughts! Day at length returned—But where was its splendor? Fled—I beheld it not—Yet was its glimmering obscurity sufficient to shew me what was my dungeon.

In breadth it was about eight feet; in length, ten. Near me once more stood a night-table; in a corner was a seat, four bricks broad, on which I might sit, and recline against the wall. Opposite the ring to which I was fastened, the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture, one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at this central part was a close iron grating from which, outward, the aperture descended, and its two
extre-

extremities were again secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart that, instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture, and the impediments of grating and iron bars, must needs make the obscurity great, yet my eyes, in time, became so accustomed to this glimmering that I could see a mouse run. In winter however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was eternal night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit air. My night-table was daily removed, and beside me stood a jug of water. The

name of TRENCK was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of TRENCK also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick: without these was an open space or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch, in which this dreadful den was built, was inclosed on both sides by palisadoes, twelve feet high, the key of the door of which was entrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the King's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the centinels. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to these fetters, I was likewise capa-

capable of moving from side to side, about four feet, but this pained my shin-bones.

The cell had been finished with lime and plaister but eleven days, and every body supposed it would be impossible I should exist in these damps above a fortnight. I remained six months, continually immersed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can safely affirm that, for the first three months, I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. I was visited daily, at noon, after relieving guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out their candles.

This was my situation, and here I sat, destitute of friend, helplessly wretched, preyed on by all the torture

ture of thought, that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to stone, my fortitude was sunk to dependency; my dungeon was the very cave of despair; yet was my arm restrained, yet was this excess of misery endured.

How then may hope be wholly eradicated from the heart of man! My fortitude after some time began to revive; I glowed with the desire of convincing the world I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before, perhaps of at last emerging from this load of wretchedness, triumphant over my enemies. So long and ardently did my fancy dwell on this picture that my mind at length acquired a heroism, which Socrates himself certainly never possessed. Age had benumbed

benumbed his sense of pleasure, and he drank the poisonous draught, with cool indifference; I was young, inured to high hopes, yet now beholding deliverance impossible, or at an immense, a dreadful distance. Such too were the sufferings of soul and body, I could not hope they might be supported and live.

About noon my den was opened. Sorrow and compassion were painted on the countenances of my keepers. No one spoke: no one bad me good-morrow. Dreadful, indeed, was their arrival, for, unaccustomed to the monstrous bolts and bars, they were kept resounding for a full half hour, before such soul-chilling, such hope-murdering impediments were removed. It was the voice of tyranny that thundered!

My night-table was taken out, a camp-bed, matrafs, and blankets, were

were brought me; a jug of water sat down, and beside it an ammunition loaf of six pounds weight. "That you may no more complain of hunger," said the town-major, "you shall have as much bread as you can eat." The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts.

What a strange thing is that called happiness! How shall I express my extreme joy, when, after eleven months of intolerable hunger, I was again indulged with a full feast of coarse ammunition bread? The fond lover never rushed more eagerly to the arms of his expecting bride; the famished tiger more ravenously on his prey, than I upon this loaf; I eat, rested, surveyed the precious morsel, eat again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure——Breaking bit after bit, I had by evening devoured all my loaf.

Oh

Oh Nature ! what delight hast thou combined with the gratification of thy wants ! Remember this, ye who gorge, ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure ; remember how simple are the means that will give a crust of mouldy bread a flavour more exquisite than all the spices of the East, or all the profusion of land or sea ; remember this, grow hungry, and indulge your sensuality.

Alas ! my enjoyment was of short duration. I soon found that excess is followed by pain and repentance. My fasting had weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive. My body swelled, my water-jug was emptied, cramps, cholics, and, at length, inordinate thirst racked me all the night. I began to pour curses on those who seemed to refine
on

on torture, and, after starving me so long, to invite me to gluttony. Could I not have reclined on my bed, I should indeed have been driven, this night, to desperation: yet, even this was but a partial relief, for, not yet accustomed to my enormous fetters, I could not extend myself in them in the same manner I was afterward taught to do by habit. I dragged them, however, so together as to enable me to sit down on the bare matrafs. This, of all my nights of suffering, stands foremost. When they opened my dungeon next day, they found me in a truly pitiable situation, wondered at my appetite, brought me another loaf; I refused to accept it, believing I never more should have occasion for bread; they, however, left me one, gave me water, shrugged up their shoulders, wished me farewell,

farewell, as, according to all appearance, they never expected to find me alive, and shut all the doors, without asking whether I wished or needed farther assistance.

Three days had passed before I could again eat a morsel of bread, and my mind, brave in health, now, in a sick body, became pusillanimous, so that I determined on death. The irons, every where round my body, and their weight, were insupportable; nor could I imagine it was possible I should habituate myself to them, or endure them long enough to expect deliverance. Peace was a very distant prospect. The King had commanded that such a prison should be built as should exclude all necessity of a centinel, in order that I might not converse with and seduce them from what is called their duty; and, in the first days of despair,

despair, deliverance appeared impossible; and the fetters, the war, the pain I felt, the place, the length of time, each circumstance seemed equally impossible to support. A thousand reasons convinced me it was necessary to end my sufferings. I shall not enter into theological disputes: let those who blame me imagine themselves in my situation; or, rather, let them first actually endure my miseries, and then let them reason. I had often braved death in prosperity, and at this moment it seemed a blessing.

Full of these meditations, every minute's patience appeared absurdity, and resolution meanness of soul, yet I wished my mind should be satisfied that reason, and not rashness, had induced the act. I therefore determined, that I might examine the question coolly, to
wait

wait a week longer, and die on the fourth of July. In the mean time I revolved in my mind what possible means there were of escape, not fearing, naked and chained, to rush and expire on the bayonets of my enemies.

The next day I observed, as the four doors were opened, that they were only of wood, therefore questioned whether I might not even cut off the locks with the knife that I had so fortunately concealed ; and, should this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I likewise determined to make an attempt even to free myself of my chains. I happily forced my right hand through the hand-cuff, though the blood trickled from my nails. My attempts on the left were long ineffectual : but, by rubbing with a brick, which I got from my seat, on the rivet that

that had been negligently closed, I effected this also.

The chain was fastened to the rim round my body, by a hook, one end of which was not inserted in the rim, therefore, by setting my foot against the wall, I had strength enough so far to bend this hook back, and open it, as to force out the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my foot to the wall: the links of this chain I took, doubled, twisted, and wrenched, till, at length, nature having bestowed on me great strength, I made a desperate effort, sprang forcibly up, and two links at once flew off.

Fortunate, indeed, did I think myself; I hastened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the lock was fastened, and discovered no very large piece
of

of wood need be cut. Immediately I went to work with my knife, and cut through the oak door, to find its thickness, which proved to be only one inch, therefore was it possible to open all the four doors in four and twenty hours.

Again hope revived in my heart. To prevent detection I hastened to put on my chains; but, oh God! what difficulties had I to surmount! After much groping about, I at length found the link that had flown off; this I hid. It had been my good fortune hitherto to escape examination, as the possibility of ridding myself of such chains was in no wise suspected. The separated links I tied together with my hair ribbon; but, when I again endeavoured to force my hand into the ring, it was so swelled that every effort was fruitless. The whole
 I night

night was employed upon the rivet, but all labour was in vain.

Noon was the hour of visitation, and necessity and danger again obliged me to attempt forcing my hand in, which at length, after excruciating torture, I effected. My visitors came, and every thing had the appearance of order. I found it, however, impossible to force out my right hand while it continued swelled.

I therefore remained quiet till the day fixed, and, on the determined fourth of July, immediately as my visitors had closed the doors upon me, I disencumbered myself of my irons, took my knife, and began my Herculean labour on the door. The first of the double doors that opened inwards was conquered in less than an hour; the other was a very different task. The lock
was

was soon cut round, but it opened outwards; there were therefore no other means left, but to cut the whole door away above the bar.

Incessant and incredible labour made this possible, though it was the more difficult, as every thing was to be done by feeling, I being totally in the dark; the sweat dropt, or rather flowed from my body; my fingers were clotted with my own blood, and my lacerated hands were one continued wound.

Day-light appeared, I clambered over the door that was half cut away, and got up to the window in the space or cell that was between the double doors, as before described. Here I saw my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart: before me I beheld the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces distant, and the high palisadoes that

were in the ditch, and must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew stronger; my efforts were redoubled. The first of the next double doors was attacked, which likewise opened inward, and was soon conquered. The sun set before I had ended this, and the fourth was to be cut away, as the second had been. My strength failed; both my hands were raw: I rested a while, began again, and had made a cut of a foot long when my knife snapt, and the broken blade dropt to the ground.

* * * * *

God of omnipotence! what was I at this moment! Was there, God of mercies! was there ever creature of thine more justified than I in despair?—The moon shone clear; I cast a wild and distracted look up to Heaven, fell on my knees, and, in

in the agony of my soul, sought comfort; but no comfort could be found, nor religion, nor philosophy had any to give.—I cursed not Providence, I feared not annihilation, I dared not Almighty vengeance; God the creator was the disposer of my fate; and, if he heaped afflictions upon me he had not given me strength to support, his justice would not therefore punish me. To him, the Judge of the quick and dead, I committed my soul, seized the broken knife, gashed through the veins of my left arm and foot, sat myself tranquilly down, and saw the blood flow. Nature, overpowered, fainted, and I know not how long I remained slumbering in this state—— Suddenly I heard my own name, awoke, and again heard the words Baron Trenck! My answer was, who calls?—And who indeed was

it—who but my honest grenadier Gefhardt—my former faithful friend in the citadel.—The good, the kind, fellow had got upon the rampart, that he might comfort me.

“How do you do?” said Gefhardt
 —“Weltering in my blood,” answered I; “to-morrow you will find me dead.”——“Why should you
 “die?” replied he. “It is much
 “easier for you to escape here than
 “from the citadel. Here is no
 “centinel, and I shall soon find
 “means to provide you with tools:
 “if you can only break out, leave
 “the rest to me. As often as I am
 “on guard I will seek opportunity
 “to speak to you. In the whole
 “Star-Fort there are but two cen-
 “tinels; the one at the entrance,
 “and the other at the guard-house.
 “——Do not despair, God will suc-
 “cour you; trust to me.”——The
 good

good man's kindness and discourse revived my hopes : I saw the possibility of an escape. A secret joy diffused itself through my soul—— I immediately tore my shirt, bound up my wounds, and waited the approach of day ; and the sun soon after shone through the window, to me, with unaccustomed brightness.

Let the reader judge how far it was chance, how far the effect of divine providence, that in this dreadful hour my heart again received hope. Who was it sent the honest Gefhardt, at such a moment, to my prison ? For, had it not been for him, I had, certainly, when I awoke from my slumbers, cut more effectually through my arteries.

Till noon I had time to consider what might farther be done : yet, what could be done, what expected,

but that I should now be much more cruelly treated, and even more insupportably ironed than before; finding, as they must, the doors cut through and my fetters shaken off?

After mature consideration, I therefore made the following resolution, which succeeded happily, and even beyond my hopes. Before I proceed, however, I will speak a few words concerning my situation at this moment. It is impossible to describe how much I was exhausted. The prison swam with blood, and, certainly, but little was left in my body. With painful wounds, swelled and torn hands, I there stood, shirtless, felt an inclination to sleep almost irresistible, and scarcely had strength to keep my legs, yet was I obliged to rouse myself, that I might execute my plan.

With the bar that separated my
hands

hands I loosened the bricks of my seat, which, being newly laid, was easily done, and heaped them up in the middle of my prison. The inner door was quite open, and with my chains I so barricadoed the upper half of the second as to prevent any one climbing over it. When noon came, and the first of the doors was unlocked, all were astonished to find the second open. There I stood, a desperate man, besmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in one hand, and in the other my broken knife, crying as they approached, "Keep off, Mr. Major, keep off!——"

"Tell the Governor I will live no longer in chains, and that here I stand, if so he pleases, to be shot; for so only will I be conquered."

"Here no man shall enter—I will destroy all that approach; here are

“ my weapons, here will I die in despite of tyranny.” The major was terrified, wanted resolution, and made his report to the governor. I, meantime, sat down on my bricks, to wait what might happen : my secret intent, however, was not so desperate as it appeared. I sought only to obtain a favourable capitulation.

The governor, General Bork, presently came, attended by the town-major, and some officers, and entered the outward cell, but sprung back the moment he beheld a figure like me, standing with a brick and up-lifted arm. I repeated what I had told the major, and he immediately ordered six grenadiers to force the door. The front cell was scarcely six feet broad, so that no more than two at a time could attack my intrenchment, and when they saw my threatening bricks ready

ready to descend, they leaped terrified back. A short pause ensued, and the old town-major, with the chaplain, advanced toward the door to sooth me: the conversation continued some time; whose reasons were most satisfactory, and whose cause was the most just, I leave to the reader. The governor grew angry, and ordered a fresh attack. The first grenadier was knocked down, and the rest ran back to avoid my missiles.

The town-major, again, began a parley. "For God's sake, my dear
 "Trenck," said he, "in what have I
 "injured you, that you endeavour
 "to effect my ruin? I must answer
 "for your having, through my neg-
 "ligence, concealed a knife. Be
 "persuaded, I intreat you. Be ap-
 "peased. You are not without
 "hope, not without friends."—My

answer was,—“ But will you not
 “ load me with heavier irons than
 “ before ?”

He went out, spoke with the governor, and gave me his word of honour that the affair should be no farther noticed, and that every thing should be exactly reinstated as formerly.

Here ended the capitulation, and my wretched citadel was taken. The condition I was in was viewed with pity ; my wounds were examined, a surgeon sent to dress them, another shirt was given me, and the bricks, clotted with blood, removed. I mean time lay half dead on my matrafs : my thirst was excessive, the surgeon ordered me some wine ; two centinels were stationed in the front cell, and I was thus left, four days, in peace, unironed. Broth also was given me daily, and how delicious
 this

this was to taste, how much it revived and strengthened me, is wholly impossible to describe. Two days I lay in a slumbering kind of trance, forced, by unquenchable thirst, to drink whenever I awoke. My feet and hands were swelled; the pains in my back and limbs were excessive.

On the fifth day the doors were ready; the inner was entirely plated with iron, and I was fettered as before: perhaps, they found further cruelty unnecessary. The principal chain, however, which fastened me to the wall, like that I had before broken, was thicker than the first. Except this, the capitulation was strictly kept. They deeply regretted that, without the King's express commands, they could not lighten my afflictions, wished me fortitude and patience, and barred up my doors.

It is necessary I should here describe my dress. My hands being fixed and kept asunder, by an iron bar, and my feet chained to the wall, I could neither put on shirt or stockings in the usual mode; the shirt was therefore tied, as represented in the plate, and changed once a fortnight; the coarse ammunition stockings were buttoned on the sides; a blue garment, of soldier's cloth, was likewise tied round me, and I had a pair of slippers for my feet. The shirt was of the army linen; and when I contemplated myself in this dress of a malefactor, chained thus to the wall, in such a dungeon, vainly imploring mercy or justice, my conscience void of reproach, my heart of guilt; when I reflected on my former splendor in Berlin and Moscow, and compared it with this sad, this dreadful reverse of destiny,

I was

I was sunk in grief, or roused to indignation, that might have hurried the greatest hero, or philosopher, to madness or despair. I felt what can only be imagined by him who has suffered like me, after having like me, flourished, if such can be found.

Pride, the justness of my cause, the unbounded confidence I had in my own resolution, and the labours of an inventive head, and iron body, these, only, could have preserved my life. These bodily labours, these continued inventions, and projected plans to obtain my freedom, preserved my health. Who would suppose that a man, fettered as I was, could find means of exercising himself? By swinging my arms, acting with the upper part of my body, and leaping upward, I frequently put myself in a strong perspiration.

After

After thus wearying myself, I slept soundly, and often thought how many generals, obliged to support all the inclemencies of weather, and all the dangers of the field; how many of those who had plunged me into this den of misery, would have been most glad, could they, like me, have slept with a quiet conscience. Often did I reflect how much happier I was than those tortured on the bed of sickness, by gout, stone, and other diseases, terrible to man. How much happier was I in innocence, than the malefactor doomed to suffer the pangs of death, the ignominy of men, and the horrors of internal guilt!

In the following part of my history it will appear I often had much money concealed under the ground, and in the walls of my den, yet, would I have given a hundred ducats
for

for a morsel of bread, it could not have been procured. Money was to me useless. In this I resembled the miser who hoards, yet lives in wretchedness, having no joy in gentle acts of benevolence. As proudly might I delight myself with my hidden treasure, as such misers, nay more, for I was secure from robbers.

Had fastidious pomp been my pleasure, I might have imagined myself some old field-marshal bedridden, who hears two grenadier centinels at his door call, "Who goes there?" My honour, indeed, was still greater, for, during my last year's imprisonment, my door was guarded by no less than four. My vanity, also, might have flattered itself, I hence might conclude how high was the value set upon my head, since all this trouble was taken to hold me in security. Certain
it

it is, that in my chains, I thought more rationally, more nobly, reasoned more philosophically on man, his nature, his real, his imaginary wants; the effects of his ambition, his passions, and saw more distinctly his dream of earthly good, than those who had imprisoned me, or those who guarded. I was void of the fears that haunt the parasite who servilely wears the fetters of a court, and daily trembles for the loss of what vice and cunning have acquired. Those who have usurped my Sclavonian estates, and feasted sumptuously from the service of plate I had been robbed of, never ate their dainties with so sweet an appetite as I my ammunition bread, nor did their high-flavoured wines flow so limpid as my cold water.

Thus the man, who thinks, being pure of heart, will find consolation,
when

when under the most dreadful of calamities, convinced, as he must be, that those apparently most are frequently least happy, insensible as they are of the pleasures they might enjoy. Evil never is so great as it appears.

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity,
“ Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
“ Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.”

*As you like it.**

Happy he, who like me, having suffered, can become an example to his suffering brethren.

YOUTH, prosperous, and imagining prosperity eternal, read my history attentively, though I should be in
my

* The Baron has quoted a poem written and published by himself.

“ Im uebel selbst steckt noch ein preis
“ Wenn man ihn nur zu finden weis.”

The similarity of the thought, which seems borrowed from Shakespeare, justifies a quotation so beautiful.

my grave! Read feelingly, and bless my sleeping dust, if it has taught thee wisdom or fortitude!

FATHER, reading this, say to thy children, I like them, in blooming youth, little prophesied of misfortune, which after fell thus heavy on me, and by which I am even still persecuted! Say that I had virtue, ambition, was educated in noble principles; that I laboured with all the zeal of enthusiastic youth to become wiser, better, greater than other men; that I was guilty of no crimes, was the friend of men, was no deceiver of man or woman; that I first served my own country faithfully, and, after, every other in which I found bread; that I was never, during life, once intoxicated: was no gamester, no night Rambler, no contemptible idler; that yet through envy and arbitrary power, I have
I fallen

fallen to misery, such as none but the worst of criminals ought to feel.

BROTHER, fly those countries where the lawgiver knows himself no law, where truth and virtue are punished as crimes: and, if fly you cannot, be it your endeavour to remain unknown, unnoticed; in such countries, seek not favour or honourable employ, else will you become, when your merits are known, as I have been, the victim of slander and treachery; the behests of power will persecute you, and innocence will not shield you from the shafts of wicked men who are envious, or who wish to obtain the favour of princes, though by the worst of means.

SIRE, imagine not thou readest a romance; my head is grey, like thine. Read, yet despise not the world, though it has treated me thus un-
thank

thankfully. Good men have I also found, who have befriended me in misfortune, and there, where least I had claim, have I found them most. May my book assist thee in noble thoughts; mayst thou die as tranquilly as I shall render up my soul to appear before the Judge of me and my persecutors. Be death but thought a transition from motion to rest. Few are the delights of this world, for him, who, like me, has learned to know it. Murmur not, despair not of Providence. Me, through storms, it has brought to haven; through many griefs, to self knowledge; and through prisons, to philosophy. He, only, can tranquilly descend to annihilation, who finds reason not to repent he has once existed. My rudder broke not amid the rocks and quicksands, but my bark was cast upon the strand.

strand of knowledge. Yet, even on these clear shores, are impenetrable clouds. I have seen more distinctly than it is supposed men ought to see. Age will decay the faculties, and mental, like bodily sight, must then decrease. I even grew weary of science, and envied the blind-born, or those who, till death, have been wilfully hood-winked. How often have I been asked, "What didst thou see?"—And when I answered with sincerity and truth, how often have I been derided as a liar, and been persecuted, by those who determined not to see themselves, as an innovator, singular and rash!

Sire, I farther say to thee, teach thy descendants to seek the golden mean, and say with Gellert—"The boy Fritz needs nothing: his stupidity will insure his success."—Examine our wealthy and titled lords,

lords, what their abilities are, and what their honours, then inquire how they were attained, and if thou canst, discover in what true happiness consists.

Once more to my prison. The failure of my escape, and the recovery of life, from this state of despair, led me to moralize deeper than I had ever done before; and in this depth of thought, I found unexpected consolation and fortitude, and a firm persuasion I yet should accomplish my deliverance.

Gefhardt, my honest grenadier, had infused fresh hope, and my mind now busily began to meditate new plans. A centinel had been placed before my door, that I might be more narrowly watched, and the married men of the Prussian states were appointed to this duty, who, as I shall hereafter shew, were more
easy

easy to persuade in aiding my flight, than foreign fugitives. The Pomeranian will listen, and is, by nature, kind, therefore, may easily be moved, and induced to succour distress.

I began to be more accustomed to my irons, which I had before found so insupportable; I could comb out my long hair, and could tie it at last with one hand. My beard, which had so long remained unshaven, gave me a grim appearance, and I began to pluck it up by the roots. The pain, at first, was considerable, especially round the lips; but this, also, custom conquered, and I performed this operation in the following years, once in six weeks, or two months; as the hair thus plucked up required that length of time before the nails could again get hold. Vermin did not molest me; the dampness of my den was inimical

inimical to them. My limbs never swelled, because of the exercise I gave myself, as before described. The greatest pain I found was in the continued unvivifying dimness in which I lived.

I had read much; had lived in, and seen much of, the world; vacuity of thought, therefore, I was little troubled with; the former transactions of my life, what had happened, and the remembrance of the persons I had known, I revolved so often in my mind that they became as familiar and connected as if the events had each been written in the order it occurred. Habit made this mental exercise so perfect to me that I could compose speeches, fables, odes, satires, all which I repeated aloud, and had so stored my memory with them that I was enabled, after I had obtained my freedom, to commit

mit to writing two volumes of these my prison labours. Accustomed to this exercise, days, that would otherwise have been days of misery, appeared but as a moment. The following narrative will shew how much esteem, how many friends, these compositions procured me, even in my dungeon, insomuch that I obtained light, paper, and, finally, freedom itself. For these have I to thank the industrious acquirements of my youth ; therefore, do I counsel all my readers so to employ their time. Riches, honours, the favours of fortune, may be showered by monarchs upon the most worthless ; but monarchs can give and take, say and unsay, raise and pull down. Monarchs, however, can neither give wisdom nor virtue. Arbitrary power itself, in the presence of these, is foiled.

How wisely has providence or-
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dained that the endowments of industry, learning, and science, given by ourselves, cannot be taken from us; while, on the contrary, what others bestow is a fantastical dream, from which any accident may awaken us! The wrath of Frederic could destroy legions, and defeat armies; but it could not take from me the sense of honour, of innocence, and their sweet concomitant, peace of mind; could not deprive me of fortitude and magnanimity: I defied his power, rested on the justice of my cause, found in myself expedients wherewith to oppose him, was at length crowned with conquest, and came forth, to the world, the martyr of suffering virtue.

Some of my oppressors now rot in dishonourable graves. Others, alas! in Vienna, remain immured in houses of correction, as Krügel and Zetto, or beg their bread, like Gravenitz

venitz and Doo. Nor are the wealthy possessors of my estates more fortunate, but look down with shame whenever I and my children appear. We stand erect, esteemed, and honoured, while their injustice is manifest to the whole world.

Young man, be industrious, for, without industry, can none of the treasures I have described be purchased. Thy labour will reward itself; then, when assaulted by misfortune, or even misery, learn of me, and smile; or, shouldest thou escape such trials, still labour to acquire wisdom, that in old age thou mayest find content and happiness.

The years in my dungeon passed away as days, those moments excepted, when, thinking on the great world, and the deeds of great men, my ambition was roused: except when, contemplating the vileness of my chains, and the wretchedness of

my situation, I laboured for liberty, and found my labours endless and ineffectual: except while I remembered the triumph of my enemies, and the splendor in which those, by whom I had been plundered, lived. Then, indeed, did I experience intervals that approached madness, despair, and horror: beholding myself destitute of friend or protector, the Empress herself, for whose sake I suffered, deserting me; reflecting on past times and past prosperity; remembering how the good and virtuous, from the cruel nature of my punishment, must be obliged to conclude me a wretch and a villain, and that all means of justification were cut off; oh, God! How did my heart beat! with what violence! What would I not have undertaken, in these suffering moments, to have put my enemies to shame! Vengeance, and rage, then
rose

rose rebellious against patience; long suffering philosophy vanished, and the poisoned cup of Socrates would have been the nectar of the Gods.

Man deprived of hope, is man destroyed. I found but little probability in all my plans and projects; yet did I trust that some of them should succeed, yet did I confide in them and my honest Gefhardt, and that I should still free myself from my chains.

The greatest of all my incitements to patient endurance was love. I had left behind me, in Vienna, a lady for whom the world still was dear to me; her would I neither desert nor afflict. To her and my sister was my existence still necessary. For their sakes, who had lost and suffered so much for mine, would I preserve my life; for them no difficulty, no suffering, was too great; yet them, alas! when long-desired

liberty was restored, I found both in their graves. The joy, for which I had borne so much, was no more to be tasted.

About three weeks after my attempt to escape, the good Gefhardt first came to stand centinel over me; and the centinel they had so carefully set was indeed the only hope I could have of escape; for help must be had from without, or this was impossible.

The effort I had made had excited too much surprise and alarm for me to pass without strict examination; since, on the ninth day after I was confined, I had, in eighteen hours, so far broken through a prison built purposely for myself, by a combination of so many projectors, and with such extreme precaution, which prison had universally been declared impenetrable.

Gefhardt scarcely had taken his
post

post before we had free opportunity of conversing together; for, when I stood with one foot on my bedstead, I could reach the aperture, through which light was admitted.

Gefhardt described the situation of my dungeon, and our first plan was to break under the foundation which he had seen laid, and which he affirmed to be only two feet deep.

Money was the first thing necessary. Gefhardt was relieved during his guard, and returned bringing with him a sheet of paper rolled on a wire, which he passed through my grating; as he also did a piece of small wax-candle, some burning amadou (a kind of tinder), a match, and a pen. I now had light, and I pricked my finger, and wrote with my blood to my faithful friend, Captain Ruckhardt, at Vienna, described my situation in a few words, sent him an acquittance for three thousand flo-

rins on my revenues, and requested he would dispose of a thousand florins to defray the expences of his journey to Gummern, only two miles from Magdeburg. Here he was positively to be on the 15th of August. About noon, on this same day, he was to walk, with a letter in his hand; and a man was there to meet him, carrying a roll of smoking tobacco, to whom he must remit the two thousand florins, and return to Vienna.

I returned the written paper to Gefhardt by the same means it had been received, gave him my instructions, and he sent his wife with it to Gummern, by whom it was safely put in the post.

My hopes daily rose, and as often as Gefhardt mounted guard, so often did we continue our projects. The 15th of August came, but it was some days before Gefhardt was again on

on guard; and oh! how did my heart palpitate when he came and exclaimed, "All is right! we have succeeded." He returned in the evening, and we began to consider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach the aperture of the window that admitted air; beside that it was too small. It was therefore agreed that Gefhardt should, on the next guard, perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then should convey the money to me in the water-jug.

This, luckily, was done. How great was my astonishment when, instead of one, I found two thousand florins! For I had permitted him to reserve half to himself, as a reward for his fidelity. He, however, had kept but five pistoles, which he persisted was enough.

Worthy Gefhardt! This was the act of a Pomeranian grenadier! How rare are such examples! Be thy name and mine ever united. Live thou while the memory of me shall live. Never did my acquaintance with the great bring to my knowledge a soul so noble, so disinterested!

It is true, I afterward prevailed on him to accept the whole thousand; but we shall soon see he never had them, and that his foolish wife, three years after, suffered by their means; however, she suffered alone, for he soon marched to the field, and therefore was unpunished.

Having money to carry on my designs; I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation into execution. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this, Gefhardt supplied me with two small files, and, by the aid of these, this labour, though great, was effected.

The

The cap, or staple, of the foot-ring was made so wide that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; and the more I filed this away, the further I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron, through which the chains passed, was quite cut through; by this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap on the outside continued whole, and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed as to be able to draw them out of the hand-cuffs. I then filed the hinge, and made a screw-driver of one of the foot-long flooring nails, by which I could take out the screws at pleasure, so that at the time of examination no proofs could appear. The rim round my body was but a small

impediment, except the chain, which passed from my hand-bar; and this I removed, by filing an aperture in one of the links, which, at the necessary hour, I closed with bread, rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it by the heat of my body; and would wager any sum that, without striking the chain, link by link, with a hammer, no one, not in the secret, would have discovered this fracture.

The window was never strictly examined; I, therefore, drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plaistering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating: finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own fabricating, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside,
addi-

additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles. That the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected.

Every thing prepared, I went to work. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but oak planks, three inches thick; three beds of which were laid crosswise, and were fastened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter, and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar, which separated my hands, to draw it out, and this nail I sharpened upon my tombstone into an excellent chissel.

I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward, and having drawn away a piece of board which was inserted two inches under the wall,

wall, I cut this so as exactly to fit: the small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread, and strewed over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicious appearance. My labour under this was continued with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star-Fort was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards. If I had not help from without, I could proceed no further; for to dig were useless, unless I could rid myself of my rubbish. Gefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars, to Gefhardt, who, as often as he was on guard, scattered or conveyed away their contents.

Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instru-

instruments, together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet.

I now discovered that the foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunken four feet deep. Time, labour, and patience were all necessary to break out, unheard, and undiscovered; but few things are impossible, where resolution is not wanting.

The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and stoop in: the lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all must be performed, these made the labour incredible; and, after this daily labour, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which, alone, required some hours to effect. My greatest aid was in the wax candles, and light I had procured; but as Gefhardt

hardt stood sentinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed; the sentinels were forbidden to speak to me under pain of death: and I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to seek new assistance.

Being without a stove, I suffered much this winter from cold, yet my heart was cheerful, as I saw the probability of freedom; and all were astonished to find me in such good spirits.

Gefhardt, also, brought me supplies of provisions, chiefly consisting of sausages and salt meats, ready dressed, which increased my strength, and, when I was not digging, I wrote satires and verses: thus time was employed, and I contented, even in prison.

Lulled into security, an accident happened, that will appear almost incredible, and by which every hope was nearly frustrated.

Gefhardt had been working with
me,

me, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which I was obliged to remove on these occasions, it fell out of my hand, and three of the glass panes were broken. Gefhardt was not to return till guard was again relieved ; I had, therefore, no opportunity of speaking with him, or concerting any mode of repair. I remained nearly an hour conjecturing and hesitating ; for, certainly, had the broken window been seen, as it was impossible I should reach it when fettered, I should immediately have been more rigidly examined, and the false grating must have been discovered.

I therefore came to a resolution, and spoke to the centinel, who was amusing himself with whistling, thus :
 “ My good fellow, have pity, not
 “ upon me, but upon your com-
 “ rades, who, should you refuse,
 “ will certainly be executed : I will
 “ throw

“ throw you thirty pistoles through
 “ the window, if you will do me a
 “ small favour.” He remained some
 moments silent, and at last answered,
 in a low voice, “ What! have you
 “ money then?” — I, immediately,
 counted thirty pistoles, and threw
 them through the window. He
 asked to know what he was to do:
 I told my difficulty, and gave him
 the size of the panes, in paper. The
 man, fortunately, was bold and pru-
 dent. The door of the palisadoes,
 through the negligence of the offi-
 cer, had not been shut that day: he
 prevailed on one of his comrades to
 stand centinel for him, during half
 an hour, while he, mean time, ran
 into the town, and procured the glass,
 on the receipt of which I instantly
 threw him out ten more pistoles.
 Before the hour of noon and visita-
 tion came, every thing was once
 more reinstated, my glazery per-
 formed

formed to a miracle, and the life of my worthy Gefhardt preserved!— Such is the power of money in this world! This is a very remarkable incident, for I never spoke after to the man who did me this signal service.

Gefhardt's alarm may easily be imagined: he, some days after, returned to his post, and was the more astonished as he knew the centinel who had done me this good office; that he had five children, and was a man most to be depended on by his officers, of any one in the whole grenadier company.

I now continued my labour, and found it very possible to break out under the foundation; but Gefhardt had been so terrified, by the late accident, that he started a thousand difficulties, in proportion as my end was more nearly accomplished; and, at the moment when I wished to
con-

concert with him the means of flight, he persisted it was necessary to find additional help, to escape in safety, and not bring both him and myself to destruction.—At length, we came to the following determination, which, however, after eight months incessant labour past, rendered my whole project abortive.

I wrote once more to Ruckhardt, at Vienna; sent him a new assignment for money, and desired he would again repair to Gummern, where he should wait six several nights, with two spare horses, on the glacis of Klosterbergen, at the time appointed, every thing being prepared for flight. Within these six days, Gefhardt would have found means, either in rotation, or by exchanging the guard, to have been with me. Alas! the sweet hope of again beholding the face of the sun, of once more obtaining my freedom,

endured but three days: Providence thought proper otherwise to ordain. Gefhardt sent his wife to Gummern, with the letter, and this silly woman told the post-master her husband had a lawsuit at Vienna, that, therefore, she begged he would take particular care of the letter, for which purpose she slipped ten rix-dollars into his hand.

This unexpected liberality raised the suspicions of the Saxon post-master, who, therefore, opened the letter, read the contents, and, instead of sending it to Vienna, or, at least, to the general post-master at Dresden, he preferred the traitorous act of taking it, himself, to the governor of Magdeburg, who then, as at present, was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswic.

What were my terrors, what my despair, when I beheld the Prince himself, about three o'clock in the

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after-

afternoon, enter my prison, with his attendants, present my letter, and ask, in an authoritative voice, who had carried it to Gummern.—My answer was, I knew not. Strict search was immediately made, by smiths, carpenters, and masons, and, after half an hour's examination, they discovered neither my hole, nor the manner in which I disencumbered myself of my chains; they only saw that the middle grating, in the aperture where the light was admitted, had been removed. This was boarded up the next day, and only a small air-hole left, of about six inches diameter.

The Prince began to threaten; I persisted I had never seen the centinel, who had rendered me this service, nor asked his name. Seeing his attempts all ineffectual, the governor, in a milder tone, said, " You have
 " ever complained, Baron Trenck,
 " of

“of not having hitherto been legally
 “sentenced, or heard in your own
 “defence; I give you my word of
 “honour, this you shall be, and, also,
 “that you shall be released from
 “your fetters, if you will only tell
 “me who took your letter.” To this
 I replied, with all the fortitude of
 innocence,——“Every body knows,
 “my Lord, I have never deserved
 “the treatment I have met with, in
 “my country. My heart is irre-
 “proachable. I seek to recover
 “my liberty by every means in my
 “power; but were I capable of be-
 “traying the man whose compas-
 “sion has induced him to succour
 “my distress; were I the coward
 “that could purchase happiness at
 “his expence, I then should, indeed,
 “deserve to wear these chains with
 “which I am loaded. For myself,
 “do with me what you please; yet
 “remember I am not wholly def-
 “tute,

“ titute, I am still a captain in the
 “ Imperial service, and a descend-
 “ ant of the house of Trenck.”

Prince Ferdinand stood, for a moment, unable to answer, then renewed his threats, and left my dungeon. I have been since told that, when he was out of hearing, he said to those round him, “ I pity his hard fate,
 “ and cannot but admire his strength
 “ of mind !”

I must here remark that, when we remember the usual circumspection of this great man, we are obliged to wonder at his imprudence in holding a conversation of such a kind with me, which lasted a considerable time, in the presence of the guard. The soldiers of the whole garrison had afterward the utmost confidence, as they were convinced I would not meanly devote others to destruction, that I might benefit myself. This

was

was the way to gain me esteem and intercourse among the men, especially as the Duke had said he knew I must have money concealed; for that I had distributed some to the centinels.

He had scarcely been gone an hour, before I heard a noise near my prison. I listened—What could it be? I heard talking, and learned a grenadier had hanged himself to the palisadoes of my prison!

The officer of the guard, and the town-major, again entered my dungeon to fetch a lanthorn they had forgotten, and the officer, at going out, told me, in a whisper, “One of your associates has just hanged himself.”

It is impossible to impart my terror or sensations; I believed it could be only my kind, my honest Gefhardt. After many gloomy thoughts, and

lamenting the unhappy end of so worthy a fellow, I began to recollect what the prince had promised me, if I would discover my accomplice. I knocked at the door, desired to speak to the officer; he came to the window and asked what I wanted; I requested he would inform the governor that, if he would send me light, pen, ink, and paper, I would discover my whole secret.

These were accordingly sent; an hour's time was granted; the door was shut, and I left alone. I sat myself down, began to write on my night-table, and was about to insert the name of Gefhardt, but my blood thrilled, and shrunk back to my heart. I shuddered, rose, went to the aperture of the window, and called, "Is there no man who, in compassion, will tell me the name of him who has hanged himself, that
" I may

“ I may deliver many others from
 “ destruction ?” The window was
 not nailed up till the next day ; I,
 therefore, wrapped five pistoles in a
 paper, threw them out, called to the
 centinel, and said, “ Friend, take
 “ these, and save thy comrades ; or,
 “ go, betray me, and bring down
 “ innocent blood upon thy head !”

The paper was taken up ; a pause
 of silence ensued ; I heard sighs, and
 presently after, a low voice said, “ His
 “ name is Schütz, he belonged to the
 “ company of Ripps.” — I had
 never heard the name before, or
 known the man, but I, however,
 immediately wrote SCHÜTZ, instead
 of Gefhardt. Having finished the
 letter, I called the lieutenant, who
 took that and the light away, and
 again barred up the door of my dun-
 geon. The duke, however, sus-
 pected there must be some collusion,

and every thing remained in the same state ; I obtained neither hearing nor court-martial. I learned, in the sequel, the following circumstances, which will display the truth of this apparently incredible story.

While I was imprisoned in the citadel, a sentinel came to the post under my window, cursed and blasphemed, exclaimed aloud—" Damn
" the Prussian service ! If Trenck
" only knew my mind, he would
" not long continue in his infernal
" hole !" I entered into discourse with him, and he told me, if I could give him money to purchase a boat, in which he might cross the Elbe, he would soon make my doors fly open, and set me free.

Money at that time I had none ; but I gave him a diamond shirt buckle, worth five hundred florins, which I had concealed. I never
heard

heard more from this man; he spoke to me no more. He often stood centinel over me, which I knew by his Westphalian dialect, and I as often addressed myself to him, but ineffectually, he would make no answer.

This Schütz must have sold my buckle, and let his riches be seen; for, when the duke left me, the lieutenant on guard said to him—
 “ You must, certainly, be the rascal
 “ who carried Trenck’s letter; you
 “ have, for some time past, spent much
 “ money, and we have seen you with
 “ louis-d’ors. How came you by
 “ them ?” Schütz was terrified, his conscience accused him, he imagined I should betray him, knowing he had deceived me. He, therefore, in the first agonies of despair, came to the palisades, and hung himself before the door of my dungeon.

How wonderful is the hand of Providence ! The wicked man fell a sacrifice to his crime, after having escaped a whole year, and the faithful, the benevolent-hearted, Gefhardt was thereby saved.

The centinels were now doubled, that any intercourse with them might be rendered more difficult. Gefhardt again stood guard, but he had scarcely opportunity, without danger, to speak a few words : he thanked me for having preserved him, wished me better fortune, and told me the garrison, in a few days, would take the field.

This was dreadful news : my whole plan was destroyed at a breath. I, however, soon recovered fresh hopes. The hole I had sunk was not discovered : I had five hundred florins, candles, and implements.

The seven years war broke out
about

about a week after, and the regiments took the field. Major Weyner came, for the last time, and committed me to the care of the new major of the militia, Bruckhausen, who was one of the most furly and stupid of men. I shall often have occasion to mention this man.

All the majors and lieutenants of the guard, who had treated me with compassion and esteem, now departed, and I became an old prisoner in a new world. I acquired greater confidence, however, by remembering that both officers and men in the militia were much easier to gain over than in the regulars; the truth of which opinion was soon confirmed to me.

Four lieutenants were appointed, with their men, to mount guard at the Star-Fort in turn, and, before

a year had passed, three of them were in my interest.

The regiments had scarcely taken the field ere the new governor, General Borck, entered my prison like what he was, an imperious, cruel tyrant. The King, in giving him the command, had informed him he must answer for my person with his head; he, therefore, had full power to treat me with whatever severity he pleased.

Borck was a stupid man, of an unfeeling heart, the slave of despotic orders, and, as often as he thought it possible I might rid myself of my fetters, and escape, his heart palpitated with fear. In addition to this, he considered me as the vilest of men and traitors, seeing his King had condemned me to imprisonment so cruel, and his barbarity toward me was thus the effect of character,
and

and meanness of soul. He entered my dungeon not as an officer, to visit a brother officer in misery, but as an executioner to a felon. Smiths then made their appearance, and a monstrous iron collar, of a hand's breadth, was put round my neck, and connected with the chains of the feet by additional heavy links, as may be seen in the plate. My window was walled up, except a small air-hole. He even, at length, took away my bed, gave me no straw, and quitted me with a thousand revilings on the Empress Queen, her whole army, and myself. In words, however, I was little in his debt, and he was enraged even to madness.

What my situation was under this additional load of tyranny, and the command of a man so void of human pity, the reader must imagine.

My greatest good fortune consisted in the ability I still had to disencumber myself of all the irons that were connected with the ankle-rims, and the provision I had of light, paper, and implements; and though it was, apparently, impossible I should break out undiscovered by both centinels, yet had I the remaining hope of gaining some officer, by money, who, as in Glatz, should assist my escape.

Had the commands of the King been literally obeyed, escape would have been wholly impossible; for, by this, all communication would have been cut totally off with the centinels. To this effect the four keys of the four doors were each to be kept by different persons; one with the governor, another with the town-major, the third with the major of the day, and the fourth with the lieutenant of

of the guard. I never could have found opportunity to have spoken with any one of them singly. These commands, at first, were rigidly observed, with this exception, that the governor made his appearance only every week. Magdeburg became so full of prisoners that the town-major was obliged to deliver up his key to the major of the day, and the governor's visitations wholly subsided, the citadel being an English mile and a half distant from the Star-Fort.

General Walrabe, * who had been a prisoner ever since the year 1746, was also at the Star-Fort, but he had

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apart-

* Walrave (or Walrabe) had long been suspected of partiality to Austria, he being a bigotted catholic. He was at length betrayed by a mistress, for whose husband (for she was married) he had obtained the dignity of counsellor. Frederic, when he granted the

apartments, and three thousand rix-dollars a year. The major of the day and the officers of the guard dined with him daily, and generally staid till evening. Either from compassion, or a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, these gentlemen entrusted the keys to the lieutenant on guard, by which means I could speak with each of them alone when they made their visit, and they themselves, at length, sought these opportunities. My consequent undertakings I shall relate with all brevity, that I may not fatigue the reader with all the arts and inventions

the title, told Walrave it certainly became the mistress of a general to have a counsellor for a husband. He was superintendent of the fortifications, and was confined, not, according to Fischer, in 1746, but in 1748, in a prison himself had built at Magdeburg. T.

See *Fischer Geschichte Fried. II.*

Thcil I. S. 265.

tions of a wretched prisoner endeavouring to escape.

Borck had selected three majors and four lieutenants only for this service, as those he best could trust. My situation was truly deplorable. The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion; and I durst not attempt to disengage myself from the pendent chains till I had, for some months, carefully observed the mode of their examination, and which parts they supposed were perfectly secure. The cruelty of depriving me of my bed was still greater: I was obliged to sit upon the bare ground, and lean with my head against the damp wall. The chains that descended from the neck-collar were obliged to be supported first with one hand, and then with the other; for, if thrown behind, they would have strangled me, and, if hanging

hanging forward; occasioned most excessive headachs. The bar between my hands held one down while leaning on my elbow; I supported with the other my chains; and this so benumbed the muscles and prevented circulation, that I could perceive my arms sensibly waste away. The little sleep I could have in such a situation may easily be supposed, and, at length, body and mind sunk under this accumulation of miserable suffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever.

The tyrant Borck was inexorable; he wished to expedite my death, and rid himself of his troubles and his terrors. Here did I experience what was the lamentable condition of a sick prisoner, without bed, refreshment, or aid from human being. Reason, fortitude, heroism, all the noble qualities of the mind, decay
when

when the corporal faculties are diseased; and the remembrance of my sufferings, at this dreadful moment, still agitates, still inflames, my blood so as almost to prevent an attempt to describe what they were.

Yet hope had not totally forsaken me. Deliverance seemed possible, especially should peace ensue; and I sustained, perhaps, what mortal man never bore, except myself, being, as I was, provided with pistols, or any such immediate mode of dispatch.

I continued ill about two months, and was so reduced, at last, that I had scarcely strength to lift the water-jug to my mouth. What must the sufferings of that man be who sits two months on the bare ground in a dungeon so damp, so dark, so horrible, without bed or straw, his limbs loaded as mine were, with no refreshment but dry ammunition bread,

bread, without so much as a drop of broth, without physic, without consoling friend, and who, under all these afflictions, must trust, for his recovery, to the efforts of nature alone!

Sickness itself is sufficient to humble the mightiest mind; what then is sickness, with such addition of torment? The burning fever, the violent headachs, my neck swelled and inflamed with the irons, enraged me almost to madness. The fever, and the fetters, together, flayed my body so that it appeared like one continued wound—Enough! Enough! —The malefactor extended living on the wheel, to whom the cruel executioner refuses the last stroke, the blow of death, must yet, in some short period, expire: he suffers nothing I did not then suffer, and these my excruciating pangs continued

nued two dreadful months——
 Yet, can it be supposed? There came
 a day!——A day of horror, when
 these mortal pangs were, beyond ima-
 gination, increased! I sat, scorched
 with this intolerable fever, in which
 nature and death were contending,
 and, when attempting to quench
 my burning entrails with cold water,
 the jug dropped from my feeble
 hands, and broke! I had four and
 twenty hours to remain without wa-
 ter. So intolerable, so devouring,
 was my thirst, I could have drank
 human blood! Ay, in my madness,
 had it been the blood of my father!

* * * * *

Willingly would I have seized my
 pistols, but strength had forsaken
 me; I could not open the place I
 was obliged to render so secure.

My visitors, next day, supposed
 me gone at last—I lay motionless,
 with

with my tongue out of my mouth. They poured water down my throat, and found life.

Oh God ! Oh God ! How pure, how delicious, how exquisite, was this water !—My insatiable thirst soon emptied the jug ; they filled it anew, bade me farewell, hoped death would soon relieve my mortal sufferings, and departed.

The lamentable state in which I lay, at length, became so much the subject of general conversation that all the ladies of the town united with the officers, and prevailed on the tyrant, Borck, to restore me my bed.

Oh Nature, what are thy operations ? From the day I drank water in such excess, I gathered strength, and, to the astonishment of every one, soon recovered.—I had moved the heart of the officer who inspected my prison ;

prison; and, after six months, six cruel months, of added misery, the day of hope again began to dawn.

One of the majors of the day entrusted his key to Lieutenant Sonntag, who came alone, spoke in confidence, and related his own situation, complained of his debts, his poverty, his necessities; and I made him a present of twenty-five louis-d'ors, for which he was so grateful that our friendship became unshaken.

The three lieutenants all commiserated me, and would sit hours with me, when a certain major had the inspection; and he himself, after a time, would even pass half the day with me. He, too, was poor; and I gave him a draft for three thousand florins: hence new projects took birth.

Money became necessary; I had dispersed all I possessed, a hundred
florins

florins excepted, among the officers. The eldest son of Captain K——, who officiated as major, had been cashiered : his father complained to me of his distress, and I sent him to my sister, not far from Berlin, from whom he received a hundred ducats. He returned, and related her joy at hearing from me. He found her exceedingly ill; and she informed me, in a few lines, that my misfortunes, and the treachery of Weingarten, had entailed poverty upon her, and an illness which had endured more than two years. She wished me a happy deliverance from my chains, and, in expectation of death, committed her children to my protection. She, however, grew better, and married a second time, Colonel Pape; but died in the year 1758. I shall forbear to relate her history; it indeed does no honour
 to

to the ashes of Frederic, and would but less dispose my own heart to forgiveness, by reviving the memory of her oppressions and griefs.

K——n returned happy with the money: all things were concerted with the father. I wrote to the Countess Bestuchef, also to the Grand Duke, afterwards Peter III. recommended the young soldier, and entreated every possible succour for myself.

K——n departed, through Hamburg, for Petersburg, where, in consequence of my recommendation, he became a captain, and in a short time major. He took his measures so well that I, by the intervention of his father, and a Hamburg merchant, received two thousand rubles from the Countess, while the service he rendered me made his own fortune in Russia.

To

To old K——, who was as poor as he was honest, I gave three hundred ducats; and he, till death, continued my grateful friend. I distributed nearly as much to the other officers; and matters proceeded so far that Lieutenant Glotin gave back the keys to the major without locking my prison, himself passing half the night with me. Money was given to the guard to drink; and thus every thing succeeded to my wish, and the tyrant Borck was deceived. I had a supply of light; had books, newspapers, and my days passed swiftly away. I read, I wrote, I busied myself so thoroughly that I almost forgot I was a prisoner.—When indeed the surly, dull block-head, Major Bruckhausen, had the inspection, every thing must be carefully reinstated. Major Z——, the second of the three, was also wholly mine.

mine. He was particularly attached to me; for I had promised to marry his daughter, and, should I die in prison, bequeathed him a legacy of ten thousand florins.

Lieutenant Sonntag got false hand-cuffs made for me, that were so wide I could easily draw my hands out; the lieutenants only examined my irons; the new hand-cuffs were made perfectly similar to the old, and Bruckhausen had too much stupidity to remark any difference.

The remainder of my chains I could disencumber myself of at pleasure. When I exercised myself, I held them in my hands, that the centinels might be deceived by their clanking. The neck-iron was the only one I durst not remove; it was, likewise, too strongly rivetted. I filed through the upper link of the pendent chain however, by which means
I could

I could take it off, and this I concealed with bread in the manner before mentioned.

So could I disencumber myself of most of my fetters, and sleep at ease. I again obtained sausages and cold meat, and thus my situation, bad as it still was, became less miserable.—Liberty, still, however, was most desirable: but, alas! not one of the three lieutenants had the courage of a Schell: Saxony too was in the hands of the Prussians, and flight, therefore, more dangerous.—Persuasion was in vain, with men determined to risk nothing, but, if they went, to go in safety. Will, indeed, was not wanting in Glotin and Sonntag; but the first was a poltroon, and the latter a man of scruples, who likewise thought this step might be the ruin of his brother in Berlin.

The

The centinels were doubled, therefore my escape through my hole, which had been two years dug, could not, unperceived by them, be effected; still less could I, in face of the guard, clamber the twelve-feet high palisadoes. The following labour, therefore, though Herculean, was undertaken.

Lieutenant Sonntag, measuring the interval between the hole I had dug and the entrance of the gallery in the principal rampart, found it to be thirty-seven feet. Into this, it was possible, I might, by mining, penetrate. The difficulty of the enterprise was lessened by the nature of the ground, a fine white sand.— Could I reach the gallery, my freedom was certain. I had been informed how many steps to the right or left must be taken, to find the

door that led to the second rampart: and, on the day when I should be ready for flight, the officer was, secretly, to leave this door open. I had light, and mining tools, and I was further to rely on money and my own discretion.

I began and continued this labour about six months. I have already noticed the difficulty of scraping out the earth with my hands. The noise of instruments would have been heard by the centinels; I had scarcely mined beyond my dungeon wall before I discovered the foundation of the rampart was not more than a foot deep; a capital error, certainly, in so important a fortress. My labour became the lighter as I could remove the foundation stones of my dungeon, and was not obliged to mine so deep.

My work, at first, proceeded so rapidly

rapidly that, while I had room to throw back my sand, I was able, in one night, to gain three feet; but ere I had proceeded ten feet I discovered all my difficulties. Before I could continue my work, I was obliged to make room for myself, by emptying the sand out of my hole upon the floor of the prison, and this itself was an employment of some hours. The sand was obliged to be thrown out by the hand, and, after it thus lay heaped in my prison, must be again returned into the hole; and I have calculated that, after I had proceeded twenty feet, I was obliged to creep under ground, in my hole, from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms, within twenty-four hours, in the removal and replacing of the sand. This labour ended, care was to be taken that, in

none of the crevices of the floor, there might be any appearance of this fine white sand. The flooring was next to be exactly replaced, and my chains to be resumed. So severe was the fatigue of one day, in this mode, that I was always obliged to rest the three following.

To reduce my labour, as much as possible, I was constrained to make the passage so small that my body only had space to pass, and I had not room to draw my arm back to my head. The work too must all be done naked, otherwise the dirtiness of my shirt must have been remarked: the sand was wet, water being found at the depth of four feet, where the stratum of gravel began. At length, the expedient of sand bags occurred to me; by which it might be removed out and in more expeditiously. I obtained linen from
the

the officers, but not in sufficient quantities; suspicions would have been excited at observing so much linen brought into the prison. At last, I took my sheets, and the ticking that inclosed my straw, and cut them up for sand bags, taking care to lie down on my bed, as if ill, when Bruckhausen paid his visits.

The labour, toward the conclusion, became so intolerable as to incite despondency. I frequently sat contemplating the heaps of sand, during a momentary respite from work, and, thinking it impossible I could have strength or time again to replace all things as they were, resolving patiently to wait the consequence, and leave every thing in its present disorder. No; I can assure the reader that, to effect concealment, I have scarcely had time, in twenty-four hours, to sit down and eat a

morsel of bread. — Recollecting, however, the prodigious efforts, and all the progress I had made, hope would again revive, and exhausted strength return; again would I begin my labours, that I might preserve my secret and my expectations: yet has it frequently happened that my visitors have entered a few minutes after I had reinstated every thing in its place.

When my work was within six or seven feet of being accomplished, a new misfortune happened that at once frustrated all further attempts. I worked, as I have said, under the foundation of the rampart near where the centinels stood. I could disencumber myself of my fetters, except my neck-collar, and its pendent chain. This, as I worked, though it had been fastened, got loose, and the clanking was heard by one of the

the centinels about fifteen feet from my dungeon. The officer was called, they laid their ears to the ground, and heard me as I went backward and forward to bring my earth bags. This was reported the next day, and the major, who was my best friend, with the town-major, and a smith and mason, entered my prison. I was terrified. The lieutenant, by a sign, gave me to understand I was discovered. An examination was begun, but the officers would not see, and the smith and mason ~~found~~ saw every thing, as they thought, safe. Had they examined my bed, they would have seen the ticking and sheets were gone.

The town major was a dull man, was persuaded the thing was impossible, and said to the sentinel, "Blockhead! You have heard some
"mole under ground, and not

“Trenck. How, indeed, could it
 “be, that he should work under
 “ground at such a distance from
 “his dungeon?” Here the scrutiny
 ended.

There was now no time for delay. Had they altered their hour of coming, they must have found me at work; but this, during ten years, never happened, for the governor and town-major were stupid men, and the others, wishing me all success, were wilfully blind. In a few days I could have broken out; but, when ready, I was desirous to wait for the visitation day of the man who had treated me so tyrannically, Bruckhausen, that his own negligence might be evident. But this man, though he wanted understanding, did not want good fortune. He was ill for some time, and his duty devolved on K——.

He

He recovered, and the visitation being over, the doors were no sooner barred than I began my supposed last labour. I had only three feet farther to proceed, and it was no longer necessary I should bring out the sand, I having room enough to throw it behind me. What my anxiety was, what my exertions were, may well be imagined. My evil genius, however, had decreed that the same centinel, who had heard me before, should be that day on guard. He was piqued, by vanity, to prove he was not the blockhead he had been called: he, therefore, again laid his ear to the ground, and again heard me burrowing. He called his comrades first, next the major: he came, and heard me likewise; accordingly, they went without the palisadoes, and heard me working near the door, at which place I was to break

into the gallery. This door they immediately opened, entered the gallery with lanthorns, and waited to catch the hunted fox when unearthed.

Through the first small breach I made, I perceived a light, and saw the heads of those who were expecting me. This was, indeed, a thunder stroke! — I crept back, made my way through the sand I had cast behind me, and awaited my fate with shuddering! I had still the presence of mind to conceal my pistols, candles, paper, and some money, under the floor, which I could remove. — The money was disposed of in various holes, well concealed, also between the pannels of the doors; and, under different cracks in the floor, I hid my small files and knives.

Scarcely were these disposed of before the doors resounded; the floor
was

was covered with sand and sand bags; my hand-cuffs, however, and the separating bar, I had hastily resumed, that they might suppose I had worked with them on, which they were silly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage.

No man was more busy on this occasion than the brutal and stupid Bruckhausen, who put many interrogatories, to which I made no reply, except assuring him that I should have completed my work some days sooner, had it not been his good fortune to fall sick, and that this only had been the cause of my failure.

The man was absolutely terrified with apprehension: he began to fear me, grew more polite, and even supposed nothing was impossible to me.

It was too late to remove the sand; therefore, the lieutenant and guard continued with me, so that this night, at least, I did not want company. When the morning came, the hole was first filled and walled up; the planking was renewed. The tyrant Borck was ill, and could not come, otherwise my treatment would have been still more lamentable. The smiths had ended before the evening, and the irons were heavier than ever. The foot chains, instead of being fastened as before, were screwed and rivetted; all things else remained as formerly. They were employed in the flooring till the next day, so that I could not sleep, and at last I sank down with weariness.

The greatest of my misfortunes was, they again deprived me of my bed, because I had cut it up for

sand bags. Before the doors were barred, Bruckhausen, and another major, examined my body very narrowly. They often had asked me, where I concealed all my implements? My answer was, "Gentlemen, Beelzebub is my best and most intimate friend; he brings me every thing I want, supplies me with light, we play whole nights at piquet, and, guard me as you please, he will finally deliver me out of your power."

Some were astonished, others laughed. At length, as they were barring the last door, I called, "Come back, gentlemen! You have forgotten something of great importance." In the interim I had taken up one of my hidden files. When they returned, "Look ye, gentlemen," said I, "here is a proof of the friendship Beelzebub has
"for

“for me; he has brought me this
 “in a twinkling.” Again they
 examined, and again they shut their
 doors. While they were so doing,
 I took out a knife, and ten louis-d’ors,
 called, and they returned, grumbling
 curses: I then showed them the knife
 and the louis-d’ors. Their conster-
 nation was excessive; and I diverted
 my misfortunes, by jesting at such
 blundering, short-sighted, keepers.
 It was soon rumoured through
 Magdeburg, especially among the
 simple and the vulgar, that I was a
 magician, to whom the devil brought
 all I asked.

One Major Holtzkammer, a very
 selfish man, profited by this report.
 A foolish citizen had offered him
 fifty dollars, if he might only be
 permitted to see me through the
 door, being very desirous to have a
 peep at a wizard. Holtzkammer
 told

told me, and we jointly determined to sport with his credulity. The major gave me a mask, with a monstrous nose, which I put on when the doors were opening, and threw myself into a heroic attitude. The affrighted Burger drew back; but Holtzkammer stopped him, and said, Have patience but for some quarter of an hour, and you shall see he will assume quite a different countenance. The Burger waited, my mask was thrown by, and my face appeared whitened with chalk, and made ghastly. The Burger again shrank back; Holtzkammer kept him in conversation, and I assumed a third farcical form. I tied my hair under my nose, and a pewter dish to my breast, and, when the door a third time opened, I thundered, "Begone, rascals, or I'll set your necks awry!" They both ran, and the
 silly

lilly Burger, eased of his fifty dollars, scampered first.

The major in vain laid his injunctions on the Burger never to reveal what he had beheld, it being a breach of duty in him to admit any person whatever to the sight of me. In a few days, the necromancer Trenck was the theme of every alehouse in Magdeburg, and the person was named who had seen me change my form thrice in the space of one hour. Many false and ridiculous circumstances were added, and at last the story reached the governor's ears. The citizen was cited, and offered to take his oath to the truth of what himself, and the major, had seen. Holtzkammer, accordingly, suffered a severe reprimand, and was some days put under arrest. We frequently laughed, however, at this adventure, which had rendered me
so

so much the subject of conversation. Miraculous reports were the more easily credited, because no one could comprehend how, in despite of the load of irons I carried, and all the vigilance of my guards, I should be continually able to make new attempts, while those appointed to examine my dungeon seemed, as it were, blinded and bewildered. A proof this, how easy it is to deceive the credulous, and whence have originated witchcraft, prophecies, and miracles.

My last undertaking had employed me more than twelve months, and so weakened me that I appeared little better than a skeleton. Notwithstanding the greatness of my spirit, I should have sunken into despondency at seeing an end like this to all my labours, had I not still cherished a secret hope of escaping;
founded

founded on the friends I had gained among the officers.

I soon felt the effects of the loss of my bed, and was a second time attacked by a violent fever, which would this time, certainly, have consumed me, had not the officers, unknown to the governor, treated me with all possible compassion. Bruckhausen, alone, continued my enemy, and the slave of his orders: on his day of examination, rules and commands in all their rigour were observed, nor durst I free myself from my irons, till I had for some weeks remarked those parts on which he invariably fixed his attention. I then cut through the link, and closed up the vacancy with bread. My hands I could always draw out, especially after illness had consumed the flesh off my bones. Half a year had elapsed, before I had recovered suffi-

sufficient strength to undertake, anew, labours like the past.

Necessity, at length, taught me the means of driving Bruckhausen from my dungeon, and of inducing him to commit his office to another. I learnt his olfactory nerves were somewhat delicate, and, whenever I heard the doors unbar, I took care to make a stir in my night-table. This made him give back, and at length he would come no farther, than the door. Such are the hard expedients of a poor, unhappy, prisoner !

One day he came, bloated with pride, just after a courier had brought the news of victory, and spoke of the Austrians, and the august person of the Empress-Queen, with so much virulence, that at last, enraged almost to madness, I snatched the sword of an officer from its sheath, and

and should certainly have ended him, had he not made a hasty retreat. From that day forward he durst no more come without guards to examine the dungeon. Two men always preceded him, with their bayonets fixed, and their pieces presented, behind whom he stood at the door. This was another fortunate incident, as I dreaded only his examination.

The following anecdote will afford a specimen of this man's understanding. While digging in the earth, I found a cannon ball, and laid it in the middle of my prison. When he came to examine—"What, in the name of God, is that?" said he. "It is a part of the ammunition," answered I, "that my Familiar brings me. The cannon will be here anon, and you will then see fine sport!" He was astonished, told this to others, nor could

could conceive such a ball might by any natural means enter my prison.

I wrote a satire on him, when the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel was governor of Magdeburg; and I had permission to write, as will hereafter appear: the Landgrave gave it to him to read himself; and so gross was his conception, that though his own phraseology was introduced, part of his history, and his character painted, yet did he not perceive the jest, but laughed heartily with the hearers. The Landgrave was highly diverted, and, after I obtained my freedom, restored me the manuscript, written in my own blood.

About the time that my last attempt at escaping failed, General Krusemarck came to my prison, whom I had formerly lived with in habits of intimacy, when cornet of the body-guard.

guard. Without testifying friendship, esteem, or compassion, he asked, among other things, in an authoritative tone, how I could employ my time to prevent tediousness. I answered in as haughty a mood as he interrogated; for never could misfortune bend my mind. I told him, "I always could find sources of entertainment in my own thoughts, and that, as for my dreams, I imagined they would, at least, be as peaceful and pleasant as those of my oppressors."—"Had you, in time," replied he, "curbed this fervor of yours, had you asked pardon of the King, perhaps you would have been in very different circumstances; but he, who has committed an offence in which he obstinately persists, endeavouring only to obtain freedom by seducing
 "ing

“ing men from their duty, deserves
“no better fate.”

Justly was my anger roused!—
“Sir,” answered I, “you are a gene-
“ral of the King of Prussia, I am an
“Austrian captain.—My royal mis-
“tress will protect, perhaps deliver
“me, or at least revenge my death.
“I have a conscience void of re-
“proach. You, yourself, well know
“I have not deserved these chains.
“I place my hope in time, and the
“justness of my cause, calumniated
“and condemned, as I have been,
“without legal sentence or hearing.
“In such a situation the philosopher
“will always be able to brave and
“despise the tyrant.”

He departed with threats, and his
last words were—“The bird shall
“soon be taught to sing another
“tune.”—The effects of this cour-
teous visit were soon felt. An order
cam

came that I should be prevented sleeping, and that the centinels should call, and wake me, every quarter of an hour; which dreadful order was immediately executed.

This was indeed a punishment intolerable to nature! Yet did custom, at length, teach me to answer in my sleep. Four years did this unheard-of cruelty continue! The noble Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, at length, put an end to it, a year before I was released from my dungeon, and once again, in mercy, suffered me to sleep in peace.

Under this new affliction I wrote an Elegy, which may be found in the second volume of my works, a few lines of which I shall cite.

Wake me, ye guards, for hark, the quarter strikes!
Sport with my woes, laugh loud at my miseries!
Hearken if you hear my chains clank! Knock! Beat!
Of an inexorable Tyrant be ye

Th'

Th' inexorable instrument! Wake me, ye slaves;
 Ye do but as you're bade. Soon shall he lie
 Sleepless, or, dreaming, the spectres of conscience
 Behold and shriek, who me deprives of rest.

Wake me! Again the quarter strikes! Call, loud!
 Rip up all my bleeding wounds, and shrink not! -
 Yet, think, 'tis I that answer, God that hears!
 To every wretch in chains sleep is permitted:
 I, I, alone, am robb'd. of this last refuge
 Of sinking nature! Hark! Again they thunder!
 Again they iterate yells of Trench and death!

Peace to thy anger, peace, thou suffering heart!
 Nor indignant beat, adding tenfold pangs to pain.

Ye burthened limbs, arise from momentary
 Slumbers! Shake your chains! Murmur not, but rise!
 And ye! Watch-dogs of Power! let loose your rage:
 Fear not, for I am helpless, unprotected.
 And, yet, not so—The noble mind, within
 Itself, resources finds innumerable.
 Thou, Oh God, thought'st good me t'imprison thus;
 Thou, Oh God, in thy good time, wilt me deliver.

Wake me then, nor fear! My soul slumbers not.
 And who can say but those who fetter me
 May, ere to-morrow, groan themselves in fetters?
 Wake me! For lo! their sleep's less sweet than mine.
 Call! Call! From night to morn, from twilight to dawn
 Incessant! Yea, in God's name, Call! Call! Call!
 Amen! Amen! Thy will, Oh God, be done!
 Yet surely thou at length shalt hear my sighs!
 Shalt burst my prison doors! Shalt shew me fair
 Creation! Yea the very heav'n of heav'ns.

With whom these orders originated, unexampled in the history even of tyranny, I shall not venture to say. The major, who was my friend, advised me to persist in not answering. I followed his advice, and it produced this good effect that we mutually forced each other to a capitulation: they restored me my bed, and I was obliged to reply.

Immediately after this regulation, the sub-governor, General Borck, my bitter enemy, became insane, was dispossessed of his post; and Lieutenant-colonel Reichmann, the benevolent friend of humanity, was made sub-governor.

About the same time the court fled from Berlin, and the Queen, the Prince of Prussia, the Princess Amelia, and the Margrave Henry, chose Magdeburg for their residence. Bruckhausen grew more polite, probably,

bably, perceiving I was not wholly deserted, and that it was yet possible I might obtain my freedom. The cruel are usually cowards, and there is reason to suppose Bruckhausen was actuated by his fears to treat me with greater respect.

The worthy new governor had not indeed the power to lighten my chains, or alter the general regulations: what he could he did. If he did not command, he connived at the doors being occasionally, at first, and, at length, daily kept open some hours, to admit day-light and fresh air. After a time they were open the whole day, and only closed by the officers when they returned from their visit to Walrabe.

Having light, I began to carve, with a nail, on the pewter cup in which I drank, satirical verses and various figures, and attained so

much perfection that my cups, at last, were considered as master-pieces, both of engraving and invention, and were sold dear as rare curiosities. My first attempts were rude, as may well be imagined. My cup was carried to town, and shown to visitors by the governor, who sent me another. I improved, and each of the inspecting officers wished to possess one. I grew more expert, and spent a whole year in this employment, which thus passed swiftly away. The perfection I had now acquired obtained me the permission of candle-light, and this continued till I was restored to freedom.

The King gave orders these cups should all be inspected by government, because I wished, by my verses and devices, to inform the world of my fate. But this command was not obeyed; the officers
made

made merchandize of my cups, and fold them at last for twelve ducats each. Their value increased so much, when I was released from prison, that they are now to be found in various museums throughout Europe. Twelve years ago the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel presented one of them to my wife; and another came, in a very unaccountable manner, from the Queen Dowager of Prussia to Paris. I have given prints of both these, with the verses they contained, in my works; whence it may be seen how artificially they were engraved.

A third fell into the hands of Prince Augustus Lobkowitz, then a prisoner of war at Magdeburg, who, on his return to Vienna, presented it to the Emperor, who placed it in his museum. Among other devices on this cup was a landscape, repre-

senting a vineyard and husbandmen,
and under it the following words:
*By my labours my vineyard flourished,
and I hoped to have gathered the fruit;
but Abab came. Alas ! for Naboth.*

The allusion was so pointed, both to the wrongs done me in Vienna and my sufferings in Prussia, that it made a very strong impression on the Empress-Queen, who immediately commanded her minister to make every exertion for my deliverance. She would, probably, at last, have even restored me to my estates, had not the possessors of them been so powerful, or, had she herself lived one year longer. To these my engraved cups was I indebted for being once more remembered at Vienna. On the same cup, also, was another engraving of a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inscription: *The bird*

bird sings even in the storm; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his songs shall be the delight of your abodes!

There is another remarkable circumstance attending these cups. All were forbidden, under pain of death, to hold conversation with me, or to supply me with pen and ink; yet, by this open permission of writing what I pleased on pewter, was I enabled to inform the world of all I wished, and to prove a man of merit was oppressed. The difficulties of this engraving will be conceived when it is remembered that I worked, by candle-light, on shining pewter, attained the art of giving light and shade, and, by practice, could divide a cup, into two-and-thirty compartments, as regularly with a stroke of the hand as with a pair of compasses. The writing was so minute that it could

be only read with glaffes. I could use but one hand, both being separated by the bar, and therefore held the cup between my knees. My sole instrument was a sharpened nail, yet did I write two lines on the rim only.

My labour became so excessive that I was in danger of distraction or blindness. Every body wished for cups, and I wished to oblige every body, so that I worked eighteen hours a day. The reflection of the light from the pewter was injurious to my eyes, and the labour of invention for apposite subjects and verses was most fatiguing. I had learnt only architectural drawing.

Enough of these cups, which procured me so much honour, so many advantages, and helped to shorten so many mournful hours. My greatest incumbrance was the huge
iron

iron collar, with its enormous appendages, which, when suffered to press the arteries in the back of my neck, occasioned intolerable headaches. I sat too much, and a third time fell sick. A Brunswic sausage, secretly given me by a friend, occasioned an indigestion, which endangered my life; a putrid fever followed, and my body was reduced to a skeleton. Medicines however were conveyed to me by the officers, and, now and then, warm food.

After my recovery I again thought it necessary to endeavour to regain my liberty. I had but forty louis-d'ors remaining, and these I could not get till I had first broken up the flooring.

Lieutenant Sonntag was consumptive, and obtained his discharge. I supplied him with money to defray the expences of his journey, and

with an order that four hundred florins should be annually paid him, from my effects, till his death, or my release. I commissioned him to seek an audience from the Empress, endeavour to excite her compassion in my behalf, and to remit me four thousand florins, for which I gave a proper acquittance, by the way of Hamburg. The money-draft was addressed to my administrators, counsellors Kempf and Huttner.

But no one, alas, in Vienna wished my return: they had already begun to share my property, of which they never rendered me an account. Poor Sonntag was arrested as a spy, imprisoned, ill treated for some weeks, and, at last, when naked and destitute, received a hundred florins, and was escorted beyond the Austrian confines. The worthy man fell a shameful sacrifice to his honesty, could

could never obtain an audience of the Empress, and returned poor and miserable, on foot, to Berlin, where he was twelve months secretly maintained by his brother, and with whom he died. He wrote an account of all this to the good Knoblauch, my Hamburg agent, and I, from my small store, sent him a hundred ducats.

How much must I despair of finding any place of refuge on earth, hearing accounts like these from Vienna!

A friend, whom I will never name, by the aid of one of the lieutenants, secretly visited me, and supplied me with six hundred ducats. The same friend, in the year 1763, paid four thousand florins to the imperial envoy, Baron Riedt, at Berlin, for the furthering of my freedom, as I

shall presently more fully shew.
Thus I had once more money.

About this time the French army advanced to within five miles of Magdeburg. This important fortress was, at that time, the key of the whole Prussian power. It required a garrison of sixteen thousand men, and contained not more than fifteen hundred. The French might have marched in unopposed, and at once have put an end to the war. The officers brought me all the news, and my hopes rose as they approached. — What was my astonishment when the major informed me that three waggons had entered the town in the night, had been sent back loaded with money, and that the French were retreating! This I can assure my readers, on my honour, is literally truth, to the eternal disgrace of the French general. The major, who

who informed me, was himself an eye-witness of the fact. It was pretended the money was for the army of the King, but every body could guess whither it was going; it left the town without a convey, and the French were then in the neighbourhood. Such were the allies of Maria Theresa! The receivers of this money are known in Paris. Not only were my hopes this way frustrated, but in Russia likewise, where the Countess of Bestuchef, and the chancellor, were fallen into disgrace.

I now imagined another, and indeed a fearful and dangerous, project. The garrison of Magdeburg, at this moment, consisted but of nine hundred militia, who were discontented men. Two majors and two lieutenants were in my interest. The guard of the Star-Fort amounted but to a hundred and fifteen men. Fronting
the

the gate of this fort was the town-gate, guarded only by twelve men and an inferior officer; beside these lay the casemates, in which were seven thousand Croat prisoners. Baron K—y, a captain, and prisoner of war, also was in our interest, and would hold his comrades ready, at a certain place and time, to support my undertaking. Another friend was, under some pretence, to hold his company ready, with their muskets loaded, and the plan was such that I should have had four hundred men in arms to carry it into execution.

The officer was to have placed the two men we most suspected and feared, as centinels over me; he was to command them to take away my bed, and, when encumbered, I was to spring out, and shut them in the prison. Clothing and arms were to have been procured and brought me into

my prison; the town-gate was to have been surprised; I was to have run to the casemate, and called to the Croats, "Trenck! To arms!" My friends, at the same instant, were to break forth, and the plan was so well concerted that it could not have failed. Magdeburg, the magazine of the army, the royal treasury, arsenal, all would have been mine; and sixteen thousand men, who were then prisoners of war, would have enabled me to keep possession.

The most essential secret, by which all this was to have been effected, I dare not reveal; suffice it to say, every thing was provided for, every thing secure; I shall only add that the garrison, in the harvest months, was exceedingly weakened, because the farmers paid the captains a florin per man each day, and the men, for their labour likewise,

to

to obtain hands. The sub-governor connived at the practice.

One Lieutenant G — procured a furlough to visit his friends; but, supplied by me with money, he went to Vienna. I furnished him with a letter addressed to Counsellors Kempf and Huttner, including a draft for two thousand ducats; wherein I said that, by these means, I should not only soon be at liberty, but in possession of the fortress of Magdeburg; and that the bearer was intrusted with the rest.

The lieutenant came safe to Vienna, underwent a thousand interrogatories, and his name was repeatedly asked. This, fortunately, he concealed. They advised him not to be concerned in so dangerous an undertaking; told him I had not so much money due to me, and gave him, instead of two thousand ducats, one

one thousand florins. With these he left Vienna, but with very prudent suspicions, which prevented him ever more returning to Magdeburg. A month had scarcely passed before the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, then chief governor, entered my prison, shewed me my letter, and demanded to know who had carried the letter, and who were to free me, and betray Magdeburg. Whether the letter was sent immediately to the king, or the governor, I know not; it is sufficient that I was once more betrayed at Vienna. The truth was, the administrators of my effects had acted as if I were deceased, and did not chuse to refund two thousand ducats. They wished not I should obtain my freedom, in a manner that would have obliged the government to reward me, and restore the effects they had embezzled, and the estates
they

they had seized. What happened afterward in Vienna, which will be related in its place, will incontestably prove this surmise to be well founded.

These bad men did not, it is true, die in the manner they ought, but they all are dead, and I am still living, and like an honest, though poor man; so did not they die. Be this read and remembered by their luxurious heirs, who refuse to restore my children to their rights.

My consternation on the appearance of the Landgrave, with my letter in his hand, may well be supposed; I had the presence of mind, however, to deny my hand-writing, and affect astonishment at so crafty a trick. The Landgrave endeavoured to convict me, told me what Lieutenant Kemnitz had repeated at Vienna, concerning my possessing myself

myself of Magdeburg, and thereby shewed me how fully I had been betrayed. But, as no such person existed as Lieutenant Kemnitz, and as my friend had fortunately concealed his name, the mystery remained impenetrable, especially, as no one could conceive how a prisoner, in my situation, could seduce, or subdue, the whole garrison. The worthy prince left my prison, apparently satisfied with my defence; his heart felt not satisfaction in the misfortunes of others.

The next day a formal examination was taken, at which the sub-governor Reichmann presided. I was accused as a traitor to my country; but I obstinately denied my handwriting. Proofs, or witnesses, there were none, and, in answer to the principal charge, I said, "I was no criminal, but a man calumpniated,
 " ille-

“ illegally imprisoned, and loaded
 “ with irons; that the King, in the
 “ year 1746, had cashiered me, and
 “ confiscated my parental inheri-
 “ tance; that therefore the laws of
 “ nature enforced me to seek ho-
 “ nour and bread in a foreign ser-
 “ vice; and that, finding these in
 “ Austria, I was become an officer
 “ and a faithful subject of the Em-
 “ press Queen; that I had been, a se-
 “ cond time, unoffendingly impri-
 “ soned; that here I was treated as
 “ the worst of malefactors, and that
 “ my only resource was to seek my
 “ liberty, by such means as I could:
 “ were I, therefore, in this attempt,
 “ to destroy the very town of Mag-
 “ deburg, and occasion the loss of a
 “ thousand lives, I should still be
 “ guiltless. Had I been heard, and
 “ legally sentenced, previous to my
 “ imprisonment at Glatz, I should
 “ have

“ have been, and have continued, a
 “ criminal; but not having been
 “ guilty of any small, much less of
 “ any great crime, equal to my
 “ punishment, if such crime could
 “ be, I was, therefore, not account-
 “ able for consequences: I owed nei-
 “ ther fidelity nor duty to the King
 “ of Prussia; for, by the word of
 “ his power, he had deprived me
 “ of bread, honour, country, and
 “ freedom.”

Here the examination ended,
 without farther discovery: the offi-
 cers, however, falling under suspi-
 cion, were all removed, and thus I
 lost my best friends; yet it was not
 long before I had gained two
 others, which was no difficult matter,
 as I knew the national character, and
 that none but poor men were made
 militia officers. Thus was the go-
 vernor's precaution fruitless, and
 every

every body secretly wished I might obtain my freedom.

I shall never forget the noble manner in which I was treated on this occasion by the Landgrave. This I personally acknowledged, some years afterward, in the city of Cassel, when I heard many things which confirmed all my surmises concerning Vienna. The Landgrave received me with all grace, favour, and distinction. I revere his memory, and seek to honour his name. He was the friend of misfortune. When I, not long afterward, fell ill, he sent me his own physician, and meat from his table, nor would he suffer me, during two months, to be waked by the centinels. He likewise removed the dreadful collar from my neck; for which he was severely reprimanded by the King, as he himself has since assured me.

I might

I might fill a volume with incidents attending two other efforts to escape, but I will not weary the reader's patience with too much repetition. I shall merely give an abstract of both.

When I had once more gained the officers, I made a new attempt at mining my way out. Not wanting for implements, my chains and the flooring were soon cut through, and all was so carefully replaced I was under no fear of examination. I here found my concealed money, pistols, and other necessities; but, till I had rid myself of some hundred weight of sand, it was impossible to proceed. For this purpose I made two different openings in the floor: out of the real hole I threw a great quantity of sand into my prison; after which I closed it with all possible care. I then worked
at

at the second with so much noise that I was certain they must hear me without. About midnight the doors began to thunder, and in they came, detecting me, as I intended they should. None of them could conceive why I should wish to break out under the door, where there was a triple guard to pass. The centinels remained, and, in the morning, prisoners were sent to wheel away the sand. The hole was walled up and boarded, and my fetters were renewed. They laughed at the ridiculousness of my undertaking, but punished me by depriving me of my light and bed, which, however, in a fortnight, were both restored. Of the other hole, out of which most of the earth had been thrown, no one was aware. The major and lieutenant were too much my friends to remark that they had removed

removed thrice the quantity of sand the false opening could contain. They supposed, this strange attempt having failed, it would be my last, and Bruckhausen grew negligent.

The governor and sub-governor both visited me, after some weeks; but, far from imitating the brutality of Borck, the Landgrave spoke to me with great mildness, promised me his interest to regain my freedom, when the peace should be concluded; told me I had more friends than I might suppose, and assured me I had not been quite forgotten by the court of Vienna. The manner in which I answered him moved him to the soul: in vain he endeavoured to hide his tears, while I, in a moment of exquisite sensibility, fell at his feet, rose, and pleaded like Cicero, happy to have met with a prince, who thought and felt like a man.

He promised me every alleviation, and I gave him my word of honour I would never more attempt to escape, while he remained governor. The manner in which I spoke enforced conviction, and it was then that he ordered my neck-collar to be taken off, my window to be unclosed, my doors every day to be left two hours open, a stove, which I might light myself, to be put in my dungeon, finer linen for my shirts, and paper to amuse myself, by writing down my thoughts. The sheets of paper were to be numbered, when given, and when returned, by the town-major, that I might not abuse this liberty.

Ink was not allowed me, I therefore pricked my finger, suffered the blood to trickle into a pot, and, when coagulated, warmed it again in my hand, throwing away the
fibrous

fibrous parts, that would not liquefy; by this means, I procured a succedaneum for ink, both to write and draw.

I now busied myself with engraving my cups, and versifying. I had free opportunity to display such abilities as I possessed, to excite esteem and awaken compassion. My emulation was increased, by the knowledge that my productions were seen and read at courts, and that the Princess Amelia, and the Queen herself, testified their satisfaction. I had soon subjects to engrave from sent me; and the wretch whom the King intended to immure, and bury alive, whose name no man was to mention, never lived to better purpose, nor was more famous, than while he vented his groans in this dungeon. My writings produced their effect, and in reality regained my freedom. To my cultivation of the sciences, and

presence of mind in danger, am I indebted for all : these could not all the power of Frederic deprive me of ; by these I obtained that which he in his wrath, and the might of his despotism, had intended to take from me eternally ! Yes ! this liberty I procured, though he had continually answered all petitions in my behalf—" He is
 " a dangerous man ; and, so long as I
 " have life, he shall never see the
 " light !" Yet have I seen it, as broadly as himself, during his life : after his death, I have seen it without revenging myself, otherwise than by proving my innocence and virtue to a monarch, who oppressed because he knew me not, because he would not recal the hasty sentence of anger, or own it was *possible* he might be mistaken. No ! in my writings I have sought only to appease him, to justify and prove the *greatness* of his

his soul ! He died convinced of my integrity, yet without affording me retribution ! Perhaps, he recollected my sufferings, and knew retribution was impossible. Enough ! If so it can be, peace be to his ashes ! Man is formed by misfortune ; virtue is active in adversity. Perhaps, had I lived in uninterrupted happiness, posterity would have heard little of my name. It is indifferent to me, that the companions of my youth have their ears gratified, delighted, with the titles of General ! Field-Marshal ! I have learned to live without such additions. I am known in my works. Hence has it often been asked, why is not he also a Minister, or a General. Blessed Content ! Thee have I learned to taste, unalloyed by pride ! Repose, thrice blessed ! Thee do I enjoy, in the haven of the wise, after storms

and horrors past!—May my history, my example, console the afflicted, strike terror to the guilty, bridle youth's impetuosity, and inspire the suffering with fortitude!

I return to my dungeon. Here, after my last conference with the Landgrave, I waited my coming fate, with a mind more at ease than that of many a prince in his palace. My dawn of hope daily grew more bright. The newspapers they brought me foretold approaching peace, on which all my dependance was placed, and I passed eighteen months calmly, and without further attempt.

The father of the Landgrave died; he had till then been only hereditary prince; and Magdeburg now lost its noble governor. The worthy Reichmann, however, testified for me all compassion and esteem; I had

had books, my time was employed, and therefore stole unperceived away. Imprisonment and chains to me were become habitual, and freedom, in all her lovely forms, sleeping and awake, in hope approached.

About this time I wrote the poems, found in my works, called, the Macedonian Hero; The Dream Realized; and the Fables contained in the first volume, most of which have reference to myself. The most, and the best of my poems, are now lost to me. The mind's sensibility, when the body is imprisoned, is strongly roused, nor can all the aids of the library equal this advantage. Perhaps I may recover some of them in Berlin, if so, the world may learn what my thoughts then were. When I was set at liberty, I had none but such as I remembered, and these I committed to writing.

On my first personal visit to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, I received a volume of them, written in my own blood; but there were certainly eight of these, which I shall scarcely ever regain.

The death of Elizabeth, the deposing of Peter III. and the accession of Catherine II. produced peace. On the receipt of this intelligence, I endeavoured to provide for all possible contingencies. The worthy Captain K— had opened me a correspondence with Vienna; I was assured of support; but was likewise assured the administrators, and those who possessed my estates, would throw every possible impediment in the way of freedom. I endeavoured to persuade another officer to aid my escape, but in vain: no second Schell was to be found.

The

The will consented, but the heart recoiled.

I therefore opened my old hole, and my friends assisted me all in their power, further to disembarraß myself of sand. My money melted away, but they provided me with tools, gunpowder, and a good sword. I had remained so long quiet that my flooring was no more examined

My intent was to wait the peace, and, should I still continue in chains, then would I have my subterranean passage to the rampart ready for escape. For my further security, an old lieutenant had, with my money, purchased a house in the suburbs, where I might lie concealed. Gummern, in Saxony, is two miles from Magdeburg: here a friend, with two good horses, was to wait a whole year, to ride on the glacis of Klosterbergen, on the first and

fifteenth of each month, and, at a given signal, to hasten to my assistance.

My passage was to be ready in case of emergency; I therefore removed the upper planking, broke up the two under-beds, cut the boards into chips, and burnt them in my stove. By this I obtained so much additional room as to proceed half way with my mine. Linen again was brought me, sand-bags made, and thus I successfully proceeded to all but the last operation. Every thing was afterward so well closed and concealed, that I had nothing to fear, from the narrowest inspection, sufficient of the under flooring being left to support the upper, and it appeared doubly nailed as before, to avoid suspicion, especially as the new come garrison could

could not know what was the original length of the planks.

This severe labour reduced me again to a very feeble state of body; and, by the return of the regulars, I in a moment was deprived of all my friends.

I must in this place relate a dreadful accident, which I cannot even now remember, without shuddering, and the terror of which has often haunted my very dreams.

While mining under the foundation of the rampart, just as I was going to carry out the sand-bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage.

What was my horror, to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round.

By good fortune, there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away; but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul that I a thousand times wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labour began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and I imagine I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths, surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labour, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew
my

my body into a ball, and turned round; I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but, there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labour was to root away the sand under the stone, and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and, by this means, at length, I once more happily arrived in my dungeon!

The morning was advanced; I sat myself down so exhausted that I supposed it was impossible I had time, or strength, to cover up and conceal my hole. After half an hour's rest, however, my fortitude returned: again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended before the resounding locks and bolts told the approach of my visitors.

They found me pale as death: I complained of the head-ach, and continued some days so much affected,

ed, by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but, perhaps, of all my nights of horror, this was the most horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth; and now, though three and twenty years are elapsed, my sleep is still haunted by this vision.

After this accident, whenever I worked in my cavity, I hung a knife round my neck, that, in case I should be again so inclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over the stone that had fallen were several others that hung tottering, under which I was, several hundred times, obliged to creep. Nothing could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty!

When

When my passage was ready, so that I could break out when I pleased, I wrote various letters to my friends at Vienna, and also an impassioned memorial to my sovereign. When the militia left Magdeburg, and the regulars returned, I took an affecting leave of my friends who had behaved to me with so much humanity, and so benevolently supplied my wants.—Several weeks elapsed before they departed, and I learnt that General Riedt was appointed ambassador from Vienna to Berlin.

I had seen the world; I knew this general was not averse to a bribe; I wrote him a moving letter, conjuring him not to abandon me, and to act with perhaps more ardour in my behalf than his instructions might imply. I inclosed a draft, for six thousand florins, on my effects at Vienna,

Vienna, and he received four thousand more from one of my relations. I have to thank these ten thousand florins for my freedom, which I obtained nine months after. My vouchers shew the six thousand florins were paid in April 1763, to the order of General Riedt. The other four thousand I thankfully repaid, when at liberty, to my friend.

I received intelligence, before the garrison departed, that no stipulation had been made, on my behalf, at the peace of Hubertsberg.* The Vienna plenipotentiaries, after, and not before, the articles were signed, men-

* The release of Trenck was so feebly mentioned, by the Austrian plenipotentiary, that Hertzberg, the Prussian minister, took not the least notice of the affair. T.

See Fischer Geschichte Fried. III.
Cheil III. S. 246.

tioned

tioned my name to Hertzberg, but with little earnestness of solicitation. From Berlin indeed I received private assurances of every effort being made to move Frederic, a promise on which I could much better rely than on my protectors at Vienna, who so many years had left me in misfortune. I therefore determined to wait three months longer, and, should I still find myself neglected, to owe my escape to myself.

On the change of the garrison, the officers, being all of the nobility, were much more difficult to gain than the former. The majors literally obeyed their orders; their help was unnecessary; but still I sighed for my old friends. I had only ammunition bread again for food, as no one supplied me with the least comfortable addition.

My

My time hung very heavy; every thing was carefully examined on the change of the garrison. A still stricter scrutiny might occur, and all my projects be discovered. This had nearly been effected by accident, as I shall here relate. I had, two years before, so tamed a mouse that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth: in this small animal I discovered proofs of intelligence too great to easily gain belief: were I to write them, priests would rail, monks grumble, and such philosophers as suppose man alone endowed with the power of thought, allowing nothing, but what they call instinct, to animals, would proclaim me a fabulous writer, and my opinions heterodox to what they suppose sound philosophy. Should I live, perhaps, I may hereafter publish an essay on this subject, in which, this my mouse, and

and a spider, will appear as remarkable characters.

This intelligent mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myself with it during the night ; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a trencher. The centinels happened to hear our amusement, called the officers ; they heard also, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At day-break, my doors resounded ; the town-major, a smith, and mason entered : strict search was begun ; flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinized, but in vain. They asked what was the noise they had heard : I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given I should be deprived of its society ; I earnestly intreated they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me
his

his word of honour, he would present it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmost tenderness.

He took it away, and turned it loose in the guard-room, but it was tame to me alone, and sought a hiding place. It had fled to my prison door, and, at the hour of visitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately testifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worthy remark that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to say, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was a hundred paces from my dungeon. How then did it find its master? Did it know, or did it wait for, the hour of visitation? Had it remarked that the doors were daily opened?

All were desirous of obtaining this mouse, but the major carried it off for his lady; she put it into a cage, where it pined, refused all
 suste-

sustenance, and, in a few days, was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me, for some time, quite melancholy, yet, on the last examination, I perceived it had so eaten away the bread, by which I had concealed the crevices I had made in cutting the floor, that the examiners must be all but blind not to discover them. I was convinced my faithful little friend had fallen a necessary victim to its master's safety. My keepers were persuaded I had neither the will nor the power to make further attempts at freedom. This accident, however, determined me not to wait even the three months.

I have already related horses were to be kept ready, on the first and fifteenth, and I only suffered the first of August to pass, because I would not injure the worthy Major Pfuhl,

Pfuhl, who had treated me with more compassion than his comrades, and whose day of visitation it was. On the fifteenth I determined to fly. This resolution formed, I waited in anxious expectation of the day when a new, and again most remarkable succession of accidents happened.

An alarm of fire had obliged the major of the day to repair in haste to the town; he, therefore, committed the keys to the lieutenant. The latter, coming to visit me, with a look of compassion, asked — “ Dear
 “ Trenck, have you never, during
 “ seven years that you have been un-
 “ der the guard of the militia, found
 “ a man like Schell?” — “ Alas! sir,”
 answered I, “ such friends are indeed
 “ rare; the will of many has been
 “ good: each knew I could make his
 “ fortune, but none had courage
 “ enough for so desperate an attempt!
 “ Money

“ Money I have distributed freely,
 “ but have received little help.”

“ Money ! how do you obtain money in this dungeon ? ” — “ From a secret correspondent at Vienna, by whom I am still supplied. If I can serve you, command me : I will do it willingly, without asking any return.” So saying, I immediately took fifty ducats from between the pannels, and gave them to the lieutenant. At first he refused, but at length accepted them with fear. — He left me, promised to return, pretended to shut the door, and kept his word. He now avowed that debt obliged him to desert, that this had long been his determination, and that, desirous to assist me, at the same time, if he could find the means, I had only to shew how this might be effected.

We continued two hours in conference ; a plan was soon formed,

approved, and almost a certainty of success demonstrated; especially, when I told him I had two horses in waiting. We vowed eternal friendship, I gave him fifty additional ducats, and he had never before been so rich; his whole debts, which would oblige him to desert, not amounting to more than two hundred rix-dollars, which, however, he never could have discharged out of his pay.

He was to prepare four keys, that were to resemble those of my dungeon; the latter were to be exchanged on the day of flight, being kept in the guard-room while the major was with General Walrabe. He was to give the grenadiers on guard leave of absence for some hours, or send them into the town on various pretences. The centinels at the gate he was to call from their duty, and those

those placed over me were to be sent into my dungeon, to take away my bed; while encumbered with this, I was to spring out, and lock them in, after which we were to mount our horses, which were kept ready, and ride full speed to Gummern. Every thing was to be prepared within a week, when he was again to mount guard. We had scarcely fully formed our project before the centinels called, the major was coming; he, accordingly, hastily barred up the doors, and the major passed to General Walrabe.

No man now was happier than myself, in a dungeon though I was: my hopes of escape were triple; the mediation at Berlin, the mine I had made, and my new friend, the lieutenant.

Intoxicated with hope and joy, then, when most my mind ought to

have been cool and clear, I seemed to have lost my understanding. I came to a resolution which will appear, to every reasonable man, extravagant, absurd, and pitiable. I was vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough, to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the *Great Frederic!*—Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain saviour.

Having heated my imagination with this lamentable scheme, I expected the hour of visitation with anxiety. The major entered; I bespoke him thus:

“ I know, sir, the great Prince
 “ Ferdinand is again in Magdeburg.”
 (My new friend had told me this.)
 “ Be pleased to inform him that he
 “ may first examine my prison, dou-
 “ ble the centinels, and afterward
 “ give me his commands, stating at
 “ what

" what hour it will please him I
 " should make my appearance, in
 " perfect freedom, on the glacis of
 " Klosterbergen. If I prove myself
 " capable of this, I then hope for
 " the protection of Prince Ferdi-
 " nand ; and that he will relate my
 " proceeding to the King, who may
 " thereby be convinced of my inno-
 " cence, and the perfect clearness of
 " my conscience."

The major was astonished; sup-
 posed my brain turned. The pro-
 posal he held to be ridiculous, and
 the performance impossible. I, how-
 ever, persisted : he rode to town, and
 returned with the sub-governor,
 Reichmann; the town-major, Riding;
 and the major of inspection. The
 answer they delivered was—That the
 Prince promised me his protection,
 the King's favour, and a certain re-
 lease from my chains, should I prove

the truth of my assertion. I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as impossible, and, at last, said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme; but, should I refuse, they would immediately break up the whole flooring, and place centinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, the governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.

After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up my flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friends had procured me, to the doors of the subterranean gallery. This gallery I desired them to enter, and found, with their sword-hilts, at the place through which I was to break, which might be done in a few

few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and to the others they already had the keys ; adding, I had horses waiting at the glacis, that would be immediately ready ; the stables for which were unknown to them.

They went, examined, returned, put questions, which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star-Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was astonished at what he had heard, that he wished me all happiness, and then took me, unfettered, to the guard-house. The major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me every thing would happen to

my wishes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

The guard was reinforced next day: two grenadiers entered the officer's room as centinels. The whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes, the draw-bridges were raised in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I had made at Glatz.

I now saw numerous workmen employed on my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry-stones. The officers on guard behaved with great kindness, kept a good table, at which I ate, but two centinels, and an under officer, never quitted the guard-room. Conversation was very cautious, and this continued five or six days: at length, it was my new friend the lieutenant's turn to mount guard; he appeared to be as friendly

friendly as formerly, but conference was difficult: he however found an opportunity to express his astonishment at my ill-timed discovery, told me the prince knew nothing of the affair, and that the report propagated through the garrison was, I had been surprised in making a new attempt.

I now saw my error, but, alas! too late. I assured my friend this step had been occasioned by my reliance on his promise. He lamented my mistake, but affirmed himself still the same. My courage strengthened, and I vowed vengeance against the mean conduct of the sub-governor.

My dungeon was completed in about a week. The town-major and major of the day re-conducted me to it. My foot only was chained to the wall, but with links twice as

strong as formerly; the remainder of my irons were never after added.

Instead of flooring, the dungeon was paved with huge flag stones. The prison was made impenetrable. That part of my money only was saved which I had concealed in the pannels of the door, and the chimney of the stove; some thirty louis-d'ors hidden about my clothes, were taken from me.

While the smith was rivetting my chains, I addressed myself to the sub-governor. "Is this the consequence of the pledged honour of the Prince? Has the magnanimity of my conduct deserved such treatment? But think not you deceive me, I am acquainted with the false reports that have been spread; the truth will soon come to light, and the unworthy be put to shame. Nay, I now forewarn
"you

“ you that Trenck shall not be much
 “ longer in your power ; for, were
 “ you to build your dungeon of
 “ steel, it would still be insufficient
 “ to contain me.”

They smiled at my threats. Reichmann, however, desired me to take courage, and said I might, probably, soon obtain my freedom after a proper manner. My firm reliance on my friend, the lieutenant, gave me, instead of appearing funk and despondent, a degree of confidence that amazed them all.

It is here necessary farther to explain this affair. When I had obtained my liberty, I visited Prince Ferdinand, at Brunswic. He informed me the majors had not made a true report, being afraid of reprimand for their own carelessness. Their story was, they had caught me at work, and, had it not been for their

K 5. extreme

extreme diligence, I should, certainly, have made my escape. Prince Ferdinand heard the truth some time after, and informed the King, who, from that time, only waited a favourable opportunity to restore me to liberty.

Such is the way of the world! Such the manner in which the most generous, the most noble, acts are often painted! I was, in this case, the silly sacrifice of my own vanity. Those who guarded me were ashamed of their neglect, and, to avoid reprimand, which would not effectually have injured any of them, was I again led to my slaughter-house. Such has been the issue, through my whole life, of many noble undertakings; where others have taken advantage of my too great openness of heart, and procured reward to themselves by my labours.

Once

Once more was I immured, cursing in my heart the cruelties of kings and governors: this time, however, they were innocent, because deceived.

I waited in anxious hope for the day when my deliverer was to mount guard. What again was my despair when, instead of him, I saw another lieutenant! I buoyed myself up with the expectation that accident was the occasion of this, but I remained three weeks in the same suspense, and saw him no more. Ask I durst not, but I heard at length that he had left the corps of grenadiers, and, therefore, was no longer to mount guard at the Star-Fort. Whether he was afraid, and repented his engagement, or whether the hundred ducats had procured him better prospects, I neither know nor ever wish to know. Should he ever read

this book, and should he really have deceived me, let him also read that he has my hearty forgiveness, and that I applaud myself for never having said any thing by which he might be injured. Others, perhaps, being thus deserted by him in misfortune, after so many protestations, and condescending to receive money, would have been more revengeful. He might, having paid his debts, repent his promise; he might have trusted another friend with the enterprize, and have been himself betrayed: but, be it as it may, his absence cut off all hope.

I bitterly now repented my folly and untimely vanity: melancholy seized my mind; I had brought my misfortunes on myself. When I had removed every impediment, the confidence I placed in the honour of man again plunged me near six months

months longer in affliction, doubled by despair. I had myself rendered my dungeon impenetrable. Death would have followed but for the dependence I placed in the court of Vienna.

The officers soon remarked the loss of my accustomed fortitude, and gloomy thoughtfulness. I was less industrious on my cups; the verses I wrote were desponding. The only comfort they could give was, "Patience, dear Trenck; your condition cannot be worse; the King may not live for ever." Small consolation this. Were I sick, they told me I then might hope my sufferings would soon have an end. If I recovered, they pitied me, and lamented their continuance. What man of my rank and expectations ever endured what I have endured,
 ever:

ever was treated as I have been treated !

Peace had been concluded nine months. I was forgotten. At last, however, when I supposed all hope lost, the 24th of December, and the day of freedom, came ! At the hour of parade Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, arrived, and brought orders for my release !

The sub-governor supposed me weaker in intellect than I really was, and would not too suddenly tell me these happy tidings. He knew not the presence of mind, the fortitude, which the various dangers I had seen had made habitual. Self-praise offends ; yet never was I too much elated in prosperity, or depressed in adversity ; never timid or undetermined in the moment of danger ; and, for the truth of this, I appeal to all who have known me personally,

ally,

ally, or been acquainted with those who have seen me in such situations.

My doors, for the LAST TIME, re-founded ! Several people entered ; their countenances were more than usually cheerful, and the sub-governor at their head, at length, said, “ This time, my dear Trenck, I am “ the joyful messenger of good news. “ Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on “ the King to let your irons be “ taken off.”——Accordingly, to work went the smith——“ You “ shall, also,” continued he, “ have “ a better apartment.” “ I am free “ then,” said I, “ and you are afraid “ to tell me so too suddenly. Speak ! “ fear not ! I can moderate my “ transports.”

“ Then you are free !” was the reply.

The sub-governor first embraced me, and afterwards his attendants.

He

He asked me what clothes I would wish. I answered, the uniform of my regiment. The taylor attended, and took measure. Reichmann told him it must be made by the morning. The man excused himself, because it was Christmas eve.—“So then this gentleman must remain in his dungeon, because it is holiday with you.” The taylor was answered, and promised to be ready.

The smith having ended his work, I was taken to the guard-room: congratulations were universal, and the town-major administered the oath customary to all state prisoners.

1st. That I should avenge myself on no man.

2dly. That I should neither enter the Prussian nor Saxon states.

3dly. That I should never relate, by speech, or in writing, what had happened to me.

4thly.

4thly. And that, so long as the King lived, I should neither serve in a civil nor military capacity.

Count Schlieben delivered me a letter from the imperial minister, General Riedt, in Berlin, to the following purport: That he was heartily rejoiced at having found an opportunity of obtaining my liberty from the King; and that I must cheerfully obey the requisitions of Count Schlieben, whose orders were to accompany me to Prague.

“ Yes, dear Trenck,” said Schlieben, “ I am to conduct you in a
 “ covered waggon through Dresden
 “ to Prague, with orders not to
 “ suffer you to speak to any one on
 “ the road. I have received three
 “ hundred ducats from General
 “ Riedt, to defray the expence of
 “ travelling. A waggon must be
 “ purchased; but, as all things cannot
 “ be

“be prepared to-day, the sub-governor has determined we shall depart to-morrow night.”

Having joyfully acquiesced, Count Schlieben remained with me ; the others, after a short conversation, returned to the town, and I dined, in company with the major of the day and the officers on guard, with General Walrabe in his prison. Here this gentleman died, in 1774, having remained at Magdeburg eight and twenty years. His confinement, however, was both deserved and rendered supportable.

Once more at liberty, I walked about the fortifications, to accustom myself to light and air, and collected the money I had concealed in my dungeon, which amounted to about seventy ducats. To every man on guard I gave a ducat, to the sentinels then on duty over me each three,

three, and ten ducats to be divided among the relief-guard. I sent the officer on guard a present from Prague, and the remainder of my money I bestowed on the widow of the kind, the honest, the worthy Gefhardt. He, poor fellow, was no more, and she had entrusted the secret of the thousand florins to a young foldier, who, spending too freely, was suspected, betrayed her, and she passed two years in the house of correction. Gefhardt never received any punishment; he was in the field. Had he left any children, I should, in duty, have provided for them. To the widow of the man who hung himself before my prison door, in the year 1756, I gave thirty ducats, lent me by Schlieben.

The night was riotous, the guard made merry, and I passed most of
it

it in their company. I was visited by all the generals of the garrison on Christmas morning, for I was not allowed to enter the town. Boots, uniform, all were ready by noon. I was dressed, viewed myself in the glass, and found pleasure; but the tumult of my own passions, the congratulations I received, and the vivacity of every thing round me, prevented my remembering incidents minutely.

How much room for reflection did this scene afford! My intrinsic worth then and twenty-four hours before, when in prison, was the same; yet, how wonderful an alteration in the carriage and countenance of those by whom I had been so strictly guarded! I was treated with friendship, distinction, attention, and flattery. And why? Because those fetters had dropt off which I had
never

never justly borne. Oh World! what art thou? What, indeed, in despotic states! What is merit, what virtue, where arbitrary power disposes of the fate of men?

Evening came, and with it Count Schlieben, a waggon, and four post-horses. After a very affecting farewell, we departed. Who could have persuaded me I should have shed tears at leaving Magdeburg? Yet tears I actually did shed. It seems equally strange that I lived here ten years, yet never saw the town.

I shall not weary the reader's patience with the trivial incidents of our journey. The exact duration of my imprisonment at Magdeburg was nine years, five months, and some days; add to these the seventeen months imprisonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years. Thus did the prime of life, the
 2 brightest

brightest hours in the day of man, pass in imprisonment. Thus was I robbed of time, which monarchs have not the power to restore; thus, too, was my body weakened, thus my health impaired, so that now in my decline of life, a second time, I suffer in the gloom, the damp, and the chains, of the dungeon of Magdeburg.

The reader would now hope, having obtained my freedom, that my calamities were all at an end; yet do I declare, upon my honour, I would prefer the sufferings of the Star-Fort, to those I have since endured in Austria, especially the last six years, while Krugel, and Zetto, were my referendaries, and curators.

It may happen that I may publish a third volume,* in which I may
more

* This third volume the Baron has published.

more openly, and fully, relate the misfortunes of two and twenty years, particularly the last six, spent at Vienna. At this moment, I am obliged to be guarded in my expressions. I have, already, put my enemies to shame; but the hope of justice, or reward, on this side the grave, is vain. No rewards are bestowed on him, who, with all the consciousness of integrity, demands, and does not implore. The facts, I shall relate, will, indeed, seem improbable, nay incredible, yet have I, in my own hands, the indisputable vouchers of their verity. I repeat the words of my preface :

“ If

ed. It is the third volume of the present translation; but it is necessary to preserve this, and similar passages, because they contain circumstances by which suspense is kept alive.

T.

“ If my right hand is guilty of
 “ writing untruths, in this book,
 “ may the common executioner sever
 “ it from my body, and, in the me-
 “ mory of posterity, may I live a
 “ villain !”

Having thus called the reader's attention to its truth, I proceed with my history.

On the 2d of January, I arrived, with Count Schlieben, safely at Prague, and the same day he delivered me to the then governor, the duke of Deuxponts. He received me with kindness, and distinction ; we dined with him two successive days, and all Prague was anxious to see a man who had surmounted ten years of sufferings, so unheard-of as mine. Here I received three thousand florins, and paid General Riedt his three hundred ducats, which he had advanced Count Schlieben,

Schlieben, for the expences of my journey, the repayment of which he demanded, in his letter, although he had already received ten thousand florins. The expence of returning I also paid to Schlieben, made him a present, and provided myself with some necessaries. After remaining a few days at Prague, a courier arrived from Vienna, to whom, it is most worthy of remark, I was obliged to pay forty florins, with an order from government to bring me, under a strong guard, from Prague to Vienna. My sword was demanded; Captain Count Wela, and two inferior officers, entered the carriage, which I was obliged to purchase, in company with me, and brought me to Vienna. I took up a thousand florins more, in Prague, to defray these expences, and was obliged, in

VOL. II. L Vienna,

Vienna, to pay the captain fifty ducats, for travelling charges back.

At treatment like this, what were the sensations of my soul! I ought to have re-entered Vienna, in triumph, like the martyr of his country, hastening to receive his reward; I, on the contrary, was brought back like a criminal, was sent, as a prisoner, to the barracks, there kept in the chamber of Lieutenant Blonket, with orders that I should be suffered to write to no one, speak to no one, without a ticket, from the counsellors Kempf or Huttner. These good gentlemen, during my imprisonment, had been the administrators of my effects!

Thus I remained six weeks: at length, the colonel of the regiment of Poniatowsky, the present field-marshal, Count Alton, spoke to me. I related what I supposed were the reasons

reasons of my being thus kept a prisoner in Vienna; and to the exertions of this worthy man am I indebted that the abominable intentions of my enemies were frustrated, which were to have me imprisoned, during life, as insane, in the fortress of Gratz. Had they once removed me from Vienna, all had been lost, and I should certainly have pined away the poor remainder of my life, in a madhouse. Yet, when at liberty, could I never obtain justice against these men! By their means, was the Empress persuaded that my brain was affected, and that I continually uttered the most violent threats against the King of Prussia. The election of a king of the Romans was then in agitation, and the court was apprehensive lest I, with a rash desire of vengeance, should act something, that might offend the Prussian

envoy. General Riedt had, moreover, been obliged to promise Frederic that I should not be suffered to appear in Vienna, and that they should hold a most wary eye over me. The Empress-Queen felt compassion for my supposed disease, and asked if no assistance could be afforded me; to which they answered, I had several times been let blood, but that I still remained a very dangerous man. They added that I squandered my money strangely, having taken up, and dispersed, four thousand florins in six days, at Prague; that it would, therefore, be proper to appoint curators, or guardians, to impede such extravagancies. Thus do the wicked utter their falsehoods! Thus do they cloud, and obscure, the throne, making truth invisible!

Count Alton, however, spoke of
me,

me, and my hard destiny; to the Countess Paar, mistress of the ceremonies to the Empress-Queen, a noble-minded lady. The late Emperor entered the chamber, while I was the subject of discourse, and asked whether I never had any lucid intervals. "May it please your majesty," answered Alton, "he has now been seven weeks, in custody, at my barracks, and I never in my life met a more reasonable, or more agreeable man. There must be something mysterious in this affair, or he could not be treated as a madman, or so represented at court. That he is not so, in any wise, I pledge my honour."

The next day, the Emperor sent Count Thurn, grand master of the Arch-Duke Leopold, to speak to me. In him I found a worthy man, an enlightened philosopher, and a lover of

his country. To him I related how I had twice been betrayed, twice sold at Vienna, during my imprisonment; to him demonstrated that my administrators had only acted in this vile manner that I might be imprisoned for life, and they remain undisturbed in possession of my effects. We conversed together two hours, during which many things were said, that prudence will not permit me here to repeat. I gained his confidence, and his heart, and he continued my friend till death. He left me, promised protection, returned the following day, and procured me an audience of the Emperor.

I spoke with freedom; the audience lasted more than an hour. At length the Emperor was so moved that he rose from his seat, and retired into the next apartment; I saw the
the

the tears drop from his eyes. With sympathetic enthusiasm, I fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and wished for the presence of a Rubens, or Apelles, to preserve a scene so highly honourable to the memory of the monarch, and paint the sensations of an innocent man, imploring the protection of a great, a just, and a compassionate prince. I feel myself unequal to do his memory that justice it deserves. Words I had none, but my looks, my tears, were indeed eloquent.—The Emperor tore himself from me, and I departed, with sensations, such as only those can know who, themselves being virtuous, have, unfortunately, met with vile and wicked men.

The ill-judging world has called the Emperor Francis a weak Prince. To me he seems superior

to Cæsar, or Frederic *the Great*. That he had a noble mind, what I have cited is an irrefragable proof; and, had not death robbed me of his protection, then, when he found me worthy, I should long since have regained the Hungarian estates I have now for ever lost.

I returned to my barracks in all the raptures of joy, and an order, the next day, came for my release. I went, with Count Alton, to the Countess Paar, who desired to see me, and, by her mediation, I obtained a private audience of the Empress.

I cannot describe the kindness of the sovereign; how much she pitied my sufferings, how much she admired my fortitude. I had not opportunity to speak a word; her professions of pity preventing my stating the justness of my case. She told me she was informed of all the vile
arti-

artifices practised against me in Vienna: she nevertheless required I should mention no past grievances, should forgive all my enemies, avoid all retrospect, and pass all the accounts of my administrators.—I would have spoken.—“Do not complain of any thing,” said she, “but act as I desire—I know all—“you shall be recompensed by me; “you deserve reward and repose, and “these you shall enjoy.”——What could I do?—I must either sign, whatever was given me to sign, or be sent to a madhouse. I received orders to accompany M. Pistrich to Counsellor Ziegler: thither I went, and the next day was obliged to sign, in their presence, the following conditions:

First—That I acknowledged the will of Trenck to be valid.

L. 5. Second—

Secondly—That I renounced all claim to the Sclavonian estates, relying alone on her Majesty's favour.

Thirdly—That I solemnly acquitted my accountants and curators: And,

Lastly—That I would not continue in Vienna.

What more could have been asked of me, had I, instead of reward, deserved punishment?

This I must sign, or languish in a prison. If such be not arbitrary power, what is?

Thus was I dealt with! The Empress was prevented acting greatly and nobly.—It is an eternal truth that this my mistreatment was occasioned by my refusing to hear mass; and that the possessors of my estates were under the protection of the Jesuits*.

* The confessor of the Empress was a Jesuit. T.
What

What did I feel! How did my blood boil while I signed! The confidence I had in myself assured me I could obtain honourable employment in any country of Europe, by the exertion of my talents, the labours of my mind, and the faithful recital of all my woes. At that time I had no children; I, therefore, little regretted what I had lost, or the poor portion that remained.

Justly dissatisfied, I determined to avoid Austria eternally. My honest pride would never suffer me, by clandestine and insidious arts, to approach the throne. I knew no such mode of soliciting for justice, hence was I an unequal match for my enemies; hence my ills, hence my misfortunes. Complaints, and appeals to justice, were artfully represented as the splenetic effusions of a man never to be satisfied. By courts of

justice I had been plundered; appeals to them were, therefore, vain indeed.

My too sensible heart was preyed upon, and corroded, by the treatment I met at Vienna. I, who, with so much fortitude, such unshaken honour, had suffered so much in the cause of Vienna; I, on whom the eyes of all Germany were at this time fixed, to behold what should be the reward of these sufferings; I, far from being rewarded, was again, in this country, kept a prisoner, and delivered over to those by whom I had been plundered, as a man insane!

Before my intended departure to seek my fortune, I fell ill, and sickness almost brought me to the grave. The Empress, hearing of my condition, in her great clemency, sent one of her own physicians and a charitable friar to my assistance; both of whom

whom I was at last obliged to pay. My own doctor would have restored me much cheaper. This was to be favoured, to be distinguished!

At this time I received, unsolicited, a major's commission, for which I was obliged to pay the fees. Being excluded from actual service, to me the title was of little value: my rank in the army had been at least equal ten years before in other service. The following words, inserted in my commission, are not unworthy remark:—"Her Majesty, in consequence of my fidelity and zeal for her service, so conspicuously demonstrated during a long imprisonment, my extraordinary endowments, and exemplary virtues, had been graciously pleased to grant me, in the Imperial service, the rank of major."—The rank of major!—From this preamble,

amble, who would not have expected either the rank of general, or the restoration of my great Sclavonian estates? I had been fifteen years a captain of cavalry, and now was I most graciously made an invalid major! — I was made an invalid major three and twenty years ago, and an invalid major I still remain! Let all that has been related be called to mind, the shameful manner in which I had been pillaged, and so repeatedly betrayed; let Vienna, Dantzic, and Magdeburg be remembered; and, at the same time, be this my promotion remembered also! Let it be farther known that the commission of major might be bought, by any boy, for a few thousand florins! Thirty thousand florins only, of the money I had been robbed of, would have purchased a colonel's commission; I should then have

have been a companion for generals; enabled by my pay, I then might have educated children for the good of the state, and my promotion would have placed me beyond the persecutions and peculations of my enemies.

It was the interest of these I should be useless; and therefore I was made an invalid. During the thirty-six years that I have been in the service of Austria, I never had any man of rank, any great general, any minister, any president, my enemy, except Count Grassalkowitz, and he was only my enemy because he had conceived a friendship for my estates.

My private character was never calumniated, nor did any truly worthy man ever speak of me but with respect and compassion. Who were, who are, my enemies?——Jesuits, monks,

monks, unprincipled advocates, wishing to become my curators; referendaries, who died despicable, or now live in houses of correction; or accountants, who purchased protectors, to avoid dying by the hands of the hangman. Such as live, live in dread of a similar end; for the Emperor Joseph is just, and able to discover the truth. Alas! the truth is discovered too late; age has now really rendered me an invalid. Men with hearts so base, so vile, ought indeed to become the scavengers of society, that, terrified by their example, succeeding judges may not rack the heart of the honest man, seize on the possessions of the orphan and the widow, and wholly expel virtue out of Austria.

God for ever preserve all good men, after me, from such judges! Men of this character never fail to have

have friends at court, worthy of themselves. Some maid of honour's chamber - maid, some fire - lighter, some menial person, with minds well besitting their station, who shall have the cunning, at proper opportunities, to say, as they did of me,—
 “Trenck is a dissatisfied, restless man;
 “complains of every thing; speaks
 “evil of princes; is still more than
 “half a Prussian in his heart; denies
 “that the Austrian Ulan's are capable
 “of killing and eating the whole Prussian army!” My spirits are wearied; my heart sinks at the remembrance.

I recovered, sought an audience, but this was no more to be obtained. I attended the levee of Prince Kaunitz. Not personally known to him, he, on his pinnacle of power, viewed in me a crawling insect among the swarm beneath. I thought somewhat more proudly; thought myself
 a man

a man : my actions were upright, and so should my body be. I quitted the apartment, and at the door was congratulated, by the mercenary Swiss-porter, on my good fortune, of having obtained an audience !

I applied to the field-marshal, from whom I received this remarkable answer :—" If you cannot purchase, my dear Trenck, it will be impossible to admit you into actual service ; beside, you are too old to learn our very difficult manoeuvres." I was then thirty-seven. I briefly replied, " Your excellence mistakes my character ; I did not come to Vienna, to serve as an invalid major. My curators have taken good care I should have no money to purchase ; but, had I millions, I would never obtain rank in the army by that mode," I quitted the room with a shrug.—

The

The next day I addressed a memorial to the Empress, which, had I room, might here deserve to be wholly inserted. I did not re-demand my Slavonian estates, I only petitioned,

First—That those who had carried off quintals of silver and gold, from the premises, and had rendered no account, either to me or the treasury, should be obliged to refund at least a part.

Secondly—That they should be obliged to return the thirty-six thousand florins, which had been illegally sequestered from my family inheritance, and applied to a hospital.

Thirdly—That the thirty-six thousand florins might be repaid, which Count Graffalkowitz had deducted from the allodial estates, for three thousand six hundred pandours, who had fallen in the service of the Empress : I not being in justice bound
to

to pay for the lives of men, out of my private purse, who had died gloriously in defence of the Empress.

Fourthly—I required that fifteen thousand florins which had been deducted from my capital, and applied to the Bohemian fortifications, should likewise be restored, together with the fifteen thousand which had been unduely paid to the regiment of Trenck.

Fifthly—I reclaimed the twelve thousand florins, which I had been robbed of at Dantzic, by the treachery of the Imperial resident, Abramson; and public satisfaction from the magistracy of Dantzic, who had delivered me up, so contrary to the laws of nations, to the Prussian power.

These articles, and others, contained in the memorial, were indisputable claims, not being included in

in the renunciation I had, some weeks before, been obliged to sign.

I likewise claimed the customary interest of six per cent. for the capital of seventy-six thousand florins, detained by the Hungarian chamber, which would amount to twenty thousand florins; I having been allowed only five per cent. and at last four.

I more particularly insisted on the restoration of my Slavonian estates, and a proper allowance for improvements, which the very sentence of the court had granted, and which amounted to eighty thousand florins.

I entreated! I petitioned for an arbitrator; I humbly solicited justice concerning incontrovertible rights, but nothing I obtained, not so much as an answer to this and a hundred other similar petitions!

I must

I must here speak of my accountants, and of transactions during my imprisonment. — I had bought a house in Vienna, in the year 1750, situated in the Teinfaltstrasse; the price was sixteen thousand florins, thirteen thousand of which I had paid at different instalments. The receipts were among my writings: these writings, together with my other effects, were taken from me at Dantzic, in the year 1754. The colonel and quarter-master and all persons of the regiment, of whom I might require any account, were dead, in the interim, nor have I, to this hour, been able to learn more than that my writings were sent to the administrators of my affairs at Vienna. With respect to my horses, effects, and property at Dantzic, in what manner these were disposed of no one could or would say.

After

After being released from my dungeon at Magdeburg, I enquired concerning my house, but no longer found it mine. Those who had gotten possession of my writings must have restored the acquittances to the seller, consequently, he could redemand the whole sum. My house, however, was in other hands, and I was brought in debtor six thousand florins, for interest and costs of suit. Thus were house and money forever gone, beyond redemption!—Whom can I accuse?

Again.—I had two years maintained, at my own expence, Lieutenant Schroeder, who had deserted from Glatz, and for whom I afterward obtained a captain's commission in the guard of Prince Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt. His own misconduct caused him to be cashiered and become a beggar. In my administrators

ministrators accounts I found the following article :

“ To Captain Schroeder, for capital, interest, and costs of suit, sixteen hundred florins.”

It was certain, I was not a penny indebted to this person : I however had no redress, having been, as before related, obliged to pass and sign all their accounts.

I four years afterward obtained information concerning this affair : I met Schroeder, by accident, as he was asking alms near St. Stephen's ; knew him, took him home with me, and enquired whether he had actually received these sixteen hundred florins. He answered in the affirmative. “ No one believed you
“ would ever more have seen the
“ light. I knew you had a friendship
“ for me, and would willingly serve
“ me,

“ me, and, all being lost to you, that
 “ you would give something to relieve
 “ my extreme necessities. I went and
 “ spoke to Dr. Berger; he agreed we
 “ should halve the sum, and his
 “ contrivance was, I should make oath
 “ I had lent you a thousand florins,
 “ without having received your note.
 “ The money was paid me by M.
 “ Frauenberger, to whom I agreed
 “ to send a present of Tokay, for
 “ Madam Huttner.”

Oh! Excellent! This was the man-
 ner in which my curators took care of
 my property! Many similar instances
 I could produce, but I am too much
 agitated by the recollection. I must,
 however, speak a word concerning
 who and what my curators were.

The court counsellor, Kempf, was
 my administrator, and counsellor
 Huttner my referendary. The sub-

stitute of Kempf was Frauenberger, who, being obliged to act as a commissary clerk, at Prague, during the war, could not attend to affairs at Vienna, but appointed one Krebs as a sub-substitute: whether M. Krebs had also a sub-sub-substitute, is more than I am able to say.

Doctor Bertracker was *Fidei commisscurator*, though there was no legal *Fidei commissum* existing. Doctor Berger, as *Fidei commiss-advocate*, was superintendent over them all, and, to them all, salaries were to be paid.

Let us now see what was the weighty business this noble company had to transact. I had seventy-six thousand florins in the Hungarian chamber, the interest of which was yearly to be received, and added to the capital: this was their whole employment, and this was

was certainly so trifling that any honest man would have performed it gratis. Kempf, having luckily got a fat capon, wished to pluck it in company with his old croney; he therefore gave him an office. The war made money scarce, and the discounting of bills with my ducats was a profitable trade to my curators. Had it been properly and honestly employed, I should certainly have found my capital increased, after my ten years imprisonment, full sixty thousand florins. Instead of these, I received three thousand florins at Prague, and nothing more; and, in compensation, found my capital diminished seven thousand florins.

Frauenberger and Berger died rich; and, the superior being obliged to protect him whom he had employed as a deputy, I must be eter-

nally confined as a madman, lest this worthy deputy should have been proved a rogue. This is the clue to the acquittal I was obliged to sign. Madam K—— was, at that time, a lady of the bedchamber at court; she could approach the throne; her chamber employments, indeed, procured her the keys of doors that, to me, were eternally locked.

Not satisfied with this, Kempf applied to the Empress, informed her they were, indeed, acquitted, but not recompensed, and that Frauenberger required four thousand florins for remuneration. The Empress laid an interdict on the half of my income and pension. Thus was I obliged to live in poverty, thus banished the Austrian dominions, where my seventy-six thousand florins were reduced to sixty-three, the interest of which I could only

only receive, and that burthened by the above interdict, the *Fidei commissum*, and administratorship. Of all these exactions, none so nearly, so much, affected me, as that of being obliged to present four thousand florins to the man by whom my affairs had been thus administered.

The Empress, indeed, during my sickness, ordered, as an especial favour, that my captain's pay, during my ten years imprisonment, should be given me, amounting to eight thousand florins; which pay she also settled on me as a pension. By this pension, however, I never profited; for, during twenty-three years, that and more was swallowed by journies to Vienna, chicanery of courtiers, agents, advocates, and costs of suit. Of the eight thousand florins three were stolen during my illness; the

court physician must be paid thrice as much as another, and what remained after my recovery, was sunk in the preparations I made, to seek my fortune elsewhere. I had, beside, eight thousand florins to repay, which had been advanced by my friends while in my dungeon; four thousand of which were sent to General Riedt at Berlin.

Thus have I been rendered so poor that I have never been able to repay my sister's children the money their mother advanced, while my kind friends, at Vienna, have dignified me with the name of a discontented man.

How far my captain's pay was matter of right, or matter of favour, let the world judge, being told I went in the service of Vienna to the city of Dantzic. Neither did this restitution of pay equal the sum I had

had sent the imperial minister to obtain my freedom. It has been asserted the Empress delivered me from imprisonment. But no, I positively declare the contrary. I remained nine months in my dungeon after the articles were signed, unthought of, and, when mentioned, by the Austrians, the King had twice rejected the proposal of my being set free. The affair actually happened as follows, according to the account I received from their royal highnesses Prince Henry, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and, particularly, from the minister, Count Hertzberg. General Riedt had received my ten thousand florins full six months, and seemed to remember me and my imprisonment no more. One Gala day, however, on the 21st of December, the King happened to be in an extraordinary

good humour, and her majesty the Queen, the Princess Amelia, and the present monarch, said to the imperial minister——“ This is a fit opportunity for you to speak in behalf of “ Trenck.” He accordingly waited his time, did speak, and the King replied, “ Yes.”

The joy of the whole company appeared so great that Frederic, *the Great*, was offended !

Other circumstances, which contributed to promote this affair, the reader will easily collect from my history. That there were persons in Vienna who earnestly desired to detain me in prison is indubitable, from their proceedings after my return. My friends at Berlin, my own exertions, and my money, were my deliverers.

For some weeks after I first obtained my freedom, I was generally
absent

absent in mind, and deep in thought. This was a habit I had acquired in prison, and the objects of sight appeared but as the visions of sleep. I often stopped in the streets, stared around me, doubted my own existence, and bit my finger, in order to convince myself I was really awake and alive.

How trifling, how insignificant, does the poor pageantry of greatness appear to me at this time! A thousand people, variously bedecked in all their finery, wait expecting the appearance of some extraordinary personage! The doors are thrown open! An elderly matron enters! Graciously smiles, and every body most humbly smiles also! She asks a few questions, concerning the wind and weather, of an old priest in a red cap and stockings, then addresses herself to an insignificant Esop, on whom all

M. 5. eagerly

eagerly press forward to fawn! The good Lady retires, and the hubbub of the synagogue ensues, and this is called a levee! Nor to this sublime honour may men of honest hearts, the friends of virtue, or their country, find admittance: they have not the proper key, or, having it, hold it in contempt. Oh, man! What art thou when called great and honourable! What are thy thoughts, what thy dreams! Dost thou call thyself a man of reason, a philosopher? What dost thou then at courts?—By me they have long been avoided.

Walking round the ramparts of Vienna, having recovered from my sickness, the vivifying spring, and the broad expanse of heaven, inspired a consciousness of present freedom and of pleasure indescribable. I heard the morning song of the lark. My heart palpitated, my pulse

pulse quickened, the blood trickled through my veins with delight, for I felt I was a man, and recollected I was not in chains. Happen, said I, what may, I fear not futurity so long as my feet, my will, and my heart, are free, and, like yonder lark, I can remove from land to land. My soul poured forth its thankfulness for this consciousness of freedom, and I determined to fly Vienna, and seek some corner of the world where virtue has nothing to fear from the tongues of slanderers, the commands of courts, or the arbitrary will of monarchs.

If I went into any large companies, their prattle so distracted my mind, and the lights so overpowered my eyes, that I returned home with head-ach, lassitude, and melancholy.

An accident happened which furthered my project. Marshal Laudohn was going to Aix la Chapelle,

to take the waters. I had always personally honoured and loved this general when he was no more than a captain of pandours in my cousin's regiment. He went to take his leave of the Countess Paar; I was present; the Empress entered the chamber, and, the conversation turning on Laudohn's journey, she said to me, "The baths are also necessary
 "to the re-establishment of your
 "health, Trenck." I was ready, and followed him in two days, where we remained about three months.

Here we were stared at as strange animals. All the world wished to see him because of his fame in war, and me because of my sufferings. The society of this worthy general poured balm into my wounded soul. He was as well acquainted with Vienna as myself; his fortitude and
 magna-

magnanimity had conquered his enemies. What he was he had made himself.

The mode of life at Aix la Chapelle and Spa pleased me, where men of all nations meet, and where princes are obliged to mingle with persons of all ranks, if they wish to seek conversation, and would not renounce society. One day here procured me more pleasure, esteem, and friendship, than a whole life in Vienna.

I scarcely had remained here a month before my ever good friend, the Countess Paar, wrote to me that the Empress had provided for me, and would make my fortune as soon as I should return to Vienna. I endeavoured, by my agents, to discover in what this good fortune consisted, but ineffectually. I hoped every thing from the Empress, who
well

well knew my hard destiny. The death of the Emperor Francis at Inspruck occasioned the return of General Laudohn, and I followed him, on foot, to Vienna.

By means of the Countess Paar, I obtained an audience in a few days. The Empress received me graciously, and said to me, "I will prove to you, Trenck, that I keep my word. I have insured your fortune; I will give you a rich and prudent wife." I replied, "Most gracious Sovereign, I cannot determine to marry, and, if I could, my choice is already made, at Aix la Chapelle."—"How! are you married then?"—"Not yet, please your Majesty."—"Are you promised?"—"Yes."—"Well, well, no matter for that, I will take care of that affair; I am determined on marrying you to the rich

“ rich widow of M——, and she ap-
 “ proves my choice. She is a very
 “ good kind of woman, and has
 “ fifty thousand florins a year. You
 “ are in want of such a wife.”

I was thunder-struck. This lovely
 bride was an old canting hypocrite,
 of sixty-three, extremely covetous,
 and a termagant. I answered, “ I
 “ must frankly speak truth to your
 “ Majesty ; I cannot consent, did she
 “ possess the treasures of the whole
 “ earth. I seek happiness, and not
 “ misery. I have made my choice,
 “ and given my word of honour,
 “ which, as an honest man, I must
 “ not break.” The angry Empress
 regarded me with contempt, and
 said, “ Your unhappiness is your
 “ own work. Act as you think
 “ proper ; I have done.” Here
 my audience ended, and, thus dis-
 missed, I bade an eternal adieu to
 any

any hope of reward from empresses, and kings.

Had I been inclined to make my fortune, by marrying an old woman, I might long before, in 1750, have married one in Holland, worth three millions. This proposal was to recompense me for the loss of my Sclavonian estates, and all my other innumerable afflictions. Beside that compliance was impossible, I was beloved in Aix la Chapelle, where mutual affection, reason, beauty, worth, and an exalted mind, all promised future happiness.

I was not actually affianced, at that time, to my present wife, but love determined me to return, to improve an intimacy so far advanced.

Marshal Laudohn knew my mistress, and promoted the match. He was acquainted with my heart, and the

the warmth of my passions, perceived I could not conquer the secret desire of vengeance on men, by whom I had been so cruelly, so wickedly treated. He, and my friend Professor Gellert, whom I visited at Leipzig, both advised me to take this mode of calming passions, that often inspired projects too vast, and that, seeking tranquillity, I should fly the commerce of the great.

This friendly counsel was seconded by my own wishes. I returned to Aix la Chapelle, in December, 1765, and married the youngest daughter of the former Burgomaster De Broe. He was dead: he had lived on his own estate at Brussels, where my wife was born, and educated. He had been called to this honourable office, by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Aix la Chapelle. He was the

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the descendant of an ancient and noble family, in the province of Artois; and some of his predecessors, who possessed estates near Aix la Chapelle, had, I know not for what reason, accepted the dignity of knights of the Roman Empire. My wife's mother was sister to the vice-chancellor of Duffeldorf, Baron Robertte, Lord of Roland.

It is not generally known, at Vienna, that one of the two Burgo-masters of Aix la Chapelle must always be elected from a noble family, and the other from the citizens. My children, therefore, can prove their descent to be noble, both by the male and female line.

My wife has been with me in most parts of Europe, where she has always been esteemed as she deserved. She then was young, handsome, worthy and virtuous, has borne

borne me eleven children, all of whom she has nursed herself; eight of them are still living, and have been properly educated. God grant I may be enabled ever to provide for her as she deserves, and as is my duty. Two and twenty years has she borne a part in all my sufferings, and well deserves reward.

During my late short abode at Vienna, I made one effort more, I sought an audience from the present Emperor Joseph, related all that had happened to me, and particularly remarked such defects as I had observed in the government and regulations of the country. He gave me an attentive hearing, proved his desire to increase the happiness of his people, and commanded me to commit my thoughts to writing. This I accordingly performed, stating with precision, and unreserve, the

the observations I had made on affairs, civil, military, and economical.

Might I publish this writing, I am persuaded it would do me no dishonour, but, on the contrary, shew the monarch has, long since, profited by many of the improvements therein suggested. My memorial was graciously received; all I petitioned for was secrecy, having therein named several persons, who were again capable of making me wretched. I farther gave a more ample account of what had happened to me in various countries, and which prudence has occasioned me to express more cautiously, and darkly, in these pages. My memorial, though graciously received, produced no effect, and I hastened back to Aix la Chapelle.

For some few years, I lived here
in

in peace ; my house was the rendezvous of the first people, who came to take the waters. I began to be more known, and every where procured myself friends, among the very first and best people.

I also visited Professor Gellert at Leipzig, shewed him my manuscripts, and asked his advice concerning what branch of literature he thought it was probable I might best succeed in. He most approved my fables and tales, but blamed the excessive freedom, with which I spoke, in my political writings. I neglected his advice, and many ensuing calamities were the consequence.

My wife brought me a son in December 1766, and I took this opportunity of writing to the youthful monarch at Vienna. Though published in my writings, under the title of Belisarius to the Emperor Justinian,

Justinian, I think it necessary to
insert what follows here.

“ Your Majesty is informed of
“ my marriage. My wife has borne
“ me a son, whom I have christened
“ Joseph. The imperial chamber-
“ lain, Colonel and Baron Rippenda,
“ stood sponsor, by proxy, for your
“ Majesty. This was done with-
“ out first obtaining your Majesty’s
“ consent. I flattered myself your
“ Majesty would graciously be pleas-
“ ed thus far to honour me, know-
“ ing my loyalty, and my misfor-
“ tunes. It is indeed my hope
“ that my conduct will procure
“ from your Majesty a more happy
“ futurity. This son I shall educate
“ in the same loyal principles, and,
“ rather than depart from them, he
“ shall imbibe poison from his mo-
“ ther’s breast.

“ Most gracious Emperor, while
“ I live

“ I live he will be provided for, but,
 “ at my death, then must he say to
 “ his sovereign, I am the son and
 “ rightful heir of both the Trencks,
 “ whose lands and possessions have
 “ been seized by strangers and ali-
 “ ens. I look up to you, gracious
 “ Sovereign, as a protecting Deity
 “ for my poor children. May your
 “ Majesty participate my joy, and
 “ graciously welcome this new citi-
 “ zen of the world. May it also
 “ please you to inform me whe-
 “ ther it be your gracious pleasure
 “ I should farther present my
 “ thoughts in writing, for your high
 “ inspection. My enemies at Vi-
 “ enna daily increase in strength,
 “ but on your sovereign protection
 “ I rely, and, whatever may be my
 “ fate, shall, most faithfully and
 “ eternally, remain the loyal servant
 “ of

“ of my Emperor and my coun-
“ try.

“ TRENCK.”

I have at present my reasons for
inserting the following answer, which
was written by the Emperor's own
hand, and is still in my possession.

“ *Dear Major Trenck,*

“ I am well pleased that you have
“ christened your son Joseph, and
“ have chosen Colonel Rippenda as
“ my proxy. As a proof of my
“ good wishes toward you, I have,
“ for manifest reasons, ordered that,
“ henceforth, you shall receive your
“ pay at Brussels, instead of Vienna.
“ Continue to send me your writ-
“ ings; I am pleased to be in-
“ formed of the truth; but they
“ will give me more satisfaction,
“ should you send them simple and
“ unadorned,

“unadorned, than in their former
“satirical dress.

“I am yours,
“JOSEPH H.”

I soon afterward received orders to correspond with his Majesty's private secretary, Baron Roder; what this correspondence was must not here be told: suffice it to say, my attempts to serve my country were frustrated; I saw defects too clearly, spoke my thoughts too frankly, and wanted sufficient humility ever to obtain favour.

In the year 1767 I wrote the Macedonian Hero, which became as famous throughout all Germany as my *Eulenspiegel*. (The Malicious Wag.) The poem did me honour, but entailed new persecutions; yet, having wrote it, I never could re-

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pent: I have had the honour of presenting it to five reigning princes, by none of whom it has been burnt. The Empress, alone, was highly enraged. I had spoken as Nathan did to David, and the Jesuits now openly became my enemies.

The following vile trick was played me in the year 1768. A friend, in Brussels, was commissioned to receive my quarterly pay, from whom I learnt an interdict had been laid upon it by the court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna, in which I had been condemned to pay a note of seven hundred florins to one Buffy, with fourteen years interest.

Buffy was a known swindler. I was conscious no man on earth had any such claim: I, therefore, journeyed, post-haste, to Vienna. No hearing, no satisfactory account was to be obtained. The answer was

Res

Res jam judicata est; sentence is past, therefore all further attempts are too late.

I applied to the Emperor Joseph, pledged my honour, and my head, to prove the falsification of this note; and intreated a revision of the cause. My request was granted, and my attorney, Weyhraub, was an upright man. When he began to speak, and request a day of revision to be appointed, he was threatened to be committed by the referendary, Zetto, should he undertake to interfere and defend the affairs of Trenck. He answered, firmly, "His defence is my business in this place: I know my cause to be good." Silence was imposed, and nothing further done.

Four months did I continue in Vienna before the day was appointed

N 2

to revise this cause. It now appeared evidently there were erasures and holes through the paper, in three places : all in court were convinced the claim ought to be annulled, and the claimant punished. Zetto, notwithstanding, ordered the parties to withdraw, and then so managed that the judges resolved the case must be again laid before the court, with formal written proofs. This gave time for new knavery : I was obliged to return to Aix la Chapelle, and four years elapsed before this affair, clear as the meridian sun, was decided. Two priests, in the interim, who were such as father confessors to convents usually are, took false oaths that they had actually seen me receive the money. At length, however, I proved that the note was dated a year after I had been imprisoned at Magdeburg I con-

consequently could not give any such note in Vienna. Nay, farther, my attorney proved the very writs of the court had, likewise, been falsified. Zetto, the referendary, and Buffy, were absolutely the forgers, but I happened to be too active, and my attorney too honest, to lose this cause. I was obliged to make three very expensive journies from Aix la Chapelle to Vienna, lest judgment should go by default. Sentence at last was necessarily pronounced; I gained my cause, and the note was declared a forgery, but the costs, amounting to three thousand five hundred florins, I was obliged to pay, for Buffy could not; nor was he corporally punished, though at last driven from Vienna for his villainous acts. Zetto, however, still continued referendary, still continued, for eighteen years, my barbarous persecutor; till, not long

since, he was deprived of his office, and condemned to the house of correction.

May no such judgments ever again be given in courts at Vienna; where, perhaps, I am the only one whose perseverance and courage would have demonstrated their injustice. But this perseverance, this courage, have made these courts my enemies, as I have since bitterly experienced. Too late was Zetto punished for the welfare of many a widow and orphan, and still are numerous of his vile practices unknown.

This cause excited many remarks at Vienna; I gained much honour, but more expence and trouble. I took this opportunity to solicit justice in my other affairs, but to little purpose, except that the world began

gan to know me better, and afford me somewhat more of its pity.

My knowledge of the world increased at Aix la Chapelle, where men of all nations and characters met, particularly English. In the morning I might converse with a lord in opposition, in the afternoon with an orator of the King's party; and at night with an honest man of no party. In conversation like this knowledge is acquired and imparted. I sent Hungarian wine into England, France, Holland, and the Empire; this occasioned me to undertake long journies, and as my increase of acquaintance gave me opportunities of receiving many foreigners with politeness in my own house, I was, myself, also, well received wherever I went.

The income I should have had from Vienna was all ingulphed by

law-suits, curators, attornies, and the journies I was obliged to undertake; having been thrice cited to appear, in person, before the Hofkriegsrath. To me no hope remained; I was described as a dangerous malecontent, who had deserted his native land, insinuations by which my enemies took care to profit. I nevertheless remained, be the country in which I lived what it would, an honest man; one who could provide for his own necessities without meanness or the favour of courts; one whose acquaintance was every where esteemed. In Vienna, alone, was I unfought, unemployed, and obscure.

My love of the chase made me particularly acceptable to the English, who brought with them their own horses and dogs, to hunt the wolf and wild boar, animals not to be found in their own country. I
in

in return, passed whole summers at their country seats in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and thus obtained a thorough knowledge of the nation.

The Elector Palatine had granted me a certain extent of country in the territory of Juliers, where I might hunt, and the Count Palatine of the Rhine gave me permission to hunt where I pleased. To defend this right of hunting was now my duty, and occasioned various disputes; these, however, were not often determined in courts of law, but usually every man asserted his claim with his sword.

One day an accident happened, on this occasion, which made me renowned over the country as a magician, as one whom lead could not penetrate, and who had power over fogs and clouds.

I had a quarrel with the Palatine president, Baron Blankart, concerning a hunting district, I therefore wrote to him that, on a certain day, he should repair to the spot in dispute, whither I would also come, at ten in the morning, with sword and pistol, hoping he would there give me satisfaction for the affront I had received. Hither I went, with two huntsmen, and two friends, but, instead of the baron, was astonished to find two hundred armed peasants assembled.

What was to be done? I sent one of my huntsmen to the army of the enemy, informing them that, did they not beat a retreat, I should fire. It was in the month of August, the day was clear and fine, and suddenly a thick and impenetrable fog arose. My huntsman returned, with intelligence that, having delivered his
message

message just as the fog came on, these valiant heroes had all run away in the greatest fright.

I advanced, found nobody, fired my piece, as did my friends and followers, and marched to the mansion of my adversary, where my hunting horn was blown in triumph, in his court-yard. The runaway peasants fired at a distance, but the fog prevented their taking any aim.

Having taken this satisfaction, I returned home, where many false reports had preceded me. My wife expected I should be brought home dead, and that many others would be maimed; however, not the least mischief had happened.

It soon was propagated through the country that I was a magician, had raised a fog to render myself invulnerable, and that the truth of

this could be justified by two hundred eye witnesses. All the monks of Aix la Chapelle, Juliers, and Cologne, publicly preached concerning me, reviled me, and warned the people to beware of the arch-magician and lutheran, Trenck.

On a future occasion, this belief I turned to matter of merriment. I went to hunt the wolf in the extensive forests of the county of Monjoye, and invited the peasants and townsmen to the chace. The first day we had but little sport; toward evening I, and some forty of my followers, retired to rest in the neighbouring charcoal huts, well provided with wine and brandy. "My lads," said I, "it is now necessary you
 " should all discharge your pieces,
 " and load them anew, that to-mor-
 " row no wolf may escape, and that
 " none of you may excuse yourselves
 " on

“on your pieces missing fire.” The guns were accordingly reloaded, and placed in a separate chamber, after which, they began to eat, drink, and dance. While they were merry-making, my huntsman privately went into this chamber, drew the balls, and charged the pieces with powder, several of which he loaded with double charges. Some of their notched balls I put into my pocket.

In the morning, away went I, and my merry fellows, to the chace. As we walked, their conversation turned on my necromancy, and the miraculous manner in which I could envelop myself in a cloud, or make myself bullet proof. “What is that you are talking about, my lads?” said I. “Some of these unbelieving good folks,” answered my huntsman, “affirm your Honour is unable to ward off balls.”

I

“Well

"Well then," said I, laughing, to
 one of them, "fire away, my good
 fellow, and try." The man refused,
 and my huntsman took his piece
 out of his hand, and fired. I pre-
 tended to parry with my hand, and
 called, "Let any man, that is so
 inclined, fire, but only one at a
 time." Accordingly they began;
 and, pretending to twist and turn
 about, I suffered them all to discharge
 their pieces. It must be remarked
 I was perfectly secure, as my people
 had carefully noticed that no man
 had reloaded his gun. Some of
 them received such blows from the
 guns that were doubly charged,
 that they fell down, terrified in
 amazement, at the powers of magic.
 I advanced, holding in my hand
 some of the marked balls. "Let
 every one choose his own," called I.
 All stood motionless, and many of
 them

them slunk home, with their guns on their shoulders; some few remained, and our sport was excellent.

On Sunday the monks of Aix la Chapelle again began to preach. My black art became the theme of the whole country, and, at this day, many of the people present will make oath that they fired upon me, and that, after catching them in my hand, I returned the balls.

Thus easy is it to gull this wise world. My high and invulnerable qualities were published throughout Juliers, Aix la Chapelle, Maestricht, and Cologne, and perhaps this belief has more than ten times saved my life; the priests having propagated it, from their pulpits, in a country which so swarms with highway robbers that one hundred and sixty men have been broken alive on the wheel, quartered, and burnt, within

within a year, and where, for a single ducat, any man may hire an assassin.

It is indeed no small matter of surprise that I should, for years, have preserved my life in a town, where there are twenty-three monasteries and churches, and where the monks are all adored as so many deities. The catholic clergy had been sufficiently enraged against me, by my poem of "The Macedonian Hero;" and, in 1772, I published a newspaper at Aix la Chapelle, and another periodical work entitled, "The Friend of Men," in which I endeavoured to unmask hypocrisy. Indeed for me, an apostolic major of the apostolic Maria-Theresa, to write thus in a town swarming with friars, and in a tone so undaunted, was unexampled.

At present, now toleration and
free-

freedom of opinion are more encouraged by the Emperor, Joseph II. many such essayists encounter bigotry and deceit with ridicule; or, wanting invention themselves, publish extracts from writings that belong to the age of Luther. I have the honour of having attacked the very pillars of the Romish hierarchy in days more dangerous. I may boast of being the first German who, unprotected, raised a fermentation on the Upper Rhine, and in the state of Austria, so advantageous to truth, the progress of the human understanding, and the happiness of futurity.

Let the world read and judge of my writings! They contain nothing inimical to the pure morality taught by Christ. I attacked the sale of indulgences, the avarice of Rome, the laziness, deceit, licentious gluttony,

tony, robbery, and blood-fucking of
 the monks of Aix la Chapelle, who
 fought the murder of each other in
 the very church, and in presence of
 the altar. I wrote as a moralist,
 and morals do not enrich monks.
 Therefore did the arch-priest, and
 nine of his coadjutors, declare every
 Sunday from the pulpit, publicly
 naming me, I was a free-thinker,
 a wizard, one whom every man,
 wishing well to God and the Church,
 ought to assassinate. The Jesuit
 Father Zünder declared me an out-
 law, and a day was appointed on
 which my writings were to be burnt
 before my house, the house itself
 erased, and its inhabitants mas-
 sacred. My wife received letters,
 warning her to fly with her children
 for safety, which warning she in
 terror obeyed. I and two of my
 servants remained, provided with
 eighty-

eighty-four loaded muskets. These I displayed in the gallery before the window, that all might be convinced I would make a desperate defence. I lived opposite the court house. The appointed day came, and Father Zünder, with my writings in his hand, attended by all the students in the town, appeared ready for the attack; the other monks had incited the towns-people to a general storm; no man, however, had the heart to appear in the market place, while I stood in a gallery so well stored with fire arms. Thus passed the day and night in suspense.

In the morning a fire broke out in the town. I hastened, fearless, with my two huntsmen, secretly well armed, to give assistance: we dashed the water from our buckets, and all obeyed my directions. Father Zünder and his students were there, likewise; I approached

approached him by degrees, and struck his anointed ear with my leather bucket, as if by accident, which no man thought proper to notice. I passed undaunted through the crowd, the people all smiled, pulled off their hats, and wished me a good morning. Such are the populace, when they perceive they are not feared. The people of Aix la Chapelle were stupid bigots, but too cowardly to murder a man who was prepared for his own defence. Here the threats of my adversaries for this time ended.

As I was riding to Maestricht through a hollow-way, a ball whistled by my ears, which, no doubt, was a messenger sent after me by these persecuting priests.

When hunting near the convent of Schwartzbruck, three Dominicans lay in ambush for me behind a hedge.

a hedge. One of their colleagues, who often hunted with me, pointed out the place. I was on my guard with my double-barrelled gun, drew near, but called with a voice of terror—
 “Shoot, scoundrels! But do not
 “kill me, for the devil stands ready
 “for you at your elbow!”—One
 fired, and they all ran; the ball hit
 my hat. I fired likewise, and wound-
 ed one desperately, whom the other
 two carried off: he recovered, how-
 ever, and afterward eloped with a
 cow-girl.

Their attempts at poisoning me
 were all unsuccessful, for I always
 ate at home. In the year 1774,
 journeying from Spa to Limbourg,
 I was attacked by eight banditti.
 The weather was rainy, and my mus-
 ket was in its case; my sabre was
 entangled in the belt, so that, unable
 to draw it, I was obliged to defend
 myself

myself as with a club. I sprang from the carriage, and, with every effort of nature, fought in defence of my life, striking down all before me, while my faithful huntsman protected me behind. I dispersed my assailants, hastened to my carriage, and drove away. One of these fellows was soon after hanged, and owned, before execution, that the confessor of this banditti had promised perpetual absolution, could they but dispatch me, but that no man could shoot me, because that Lucifer had rendered me invulnerable. Persuaded of the truth of this, fortunately for me, they had only assaulted me with clubs. My strength and agility, fighting too for life, was superior to theirs, and they buried two of their gang, whom, with my heavy sabre, I had killed. I escaped with a bruised arm and shoulder;

my huntsman received a violent blow with a stone.

To such excess of cruelty may the violence and rage of priests be carried! Yet did not my writings contain a single word inimical to the pure morality of Christ; I attacked only gross abuses, the deceit and lasciviousness of the monks of Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, and Liege, where they are worse than canibals, wallowing, like swine, in the slough of ignorance and gluttony. I wished to inculcate the true Christian duties among my fellow citizens, and the attempt was sufficient to irritate the selfish church of Rome.

From my Empress I had nothing further to hope. Her confessor had painted me, with all the craft of a priest, as an arch-heretic, and a persecutor of the holy and blessed mother church. Nor was this all:
opi-

opinions were artfully propagated, through Vienna, that I was a restless man, dangerous to the community. Such, indeed, is the universal supposition of all who have neither personally known me, nor read my writings.

Hence too was I always wronged in courts of judicature, where there are ever found wicked or bigoted men. The latter thought they were serving the cause of God by injuring me; and the former are ever the enemies of pure and simple truth, undauntedly displayed, it being their interest that virtue and patriotifm should fall the victims of falsehood. Yet were they unable to prevent my writings producing me much money, or being circulated through all Germany. The Aix la Chapelle Journal or Gazette became so famous, in the first year, that, in the second, I had
four

four thousand subscribers, by each of whom I gained a ducat.

The postmasters, who gain considerably by circulating newspapers, were envious, because the Aix la Chapelle Gazette destroyed several of the others, and therefore formed a combination.

I will briefly notice what, so much contributed to the sale of my paper. I was acquainted with most countries and courts, in which I had the best of correspondents: wherefore, instead of merely relating past events, I could foretel future. I was sometimes obliged to be ambiguous, yet my meaning was very capable of being understood.

Prince Charles of Sweden, eldest brother of the present King, placed the greatest confidence in me during his residence at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, and I accompanied him into

Holland. When I took my leave of him at Maestricht, while we were in the subterranean gallery of the fortifications, he said to me, "When my father dies, either my brother shall be king, or we will lose our heads."* The King died, and Prince Charles, soon after, said, in the postscript of one of his letters, "What we spoke of at Maestricht will soon be fully accomplished, and you may then come to Stockholm."

On this I inserted an article in my Gazette, declaring a revolution had taken place in Sweden, and that the king had made himself absolute. The other papers thought proper to express their doubts, and I im-

* The Prince meant to say the power of his father was so limited that he was not a king. The present monarch has taken care to have no such complaint. T.

mediately offered to wager a thousand ducats on the truth of every article published in my Gazette under the title "Aix la Chapelle." The news of the revolution in Sweden was instantaneously confirmed. This incident added greatly to the authenticity of my paper.

My Gazette foretold the Polish partition six weeks sooner than any other; but how I obtained this intelligence must not here be mentioned. I also was active in the defence of Queen Matilda of Denmark.

The French Ministry were highly offended at the following pasquinade: "The three eagles have rent the Polish bear; without losing a feather, with which any man in the cabinet of Versailles can write. Since the death of Mazarine, they write there only with goose quills."

By desire of the King of Poland, I wrote a narrative of the attempt made to assassinate him, and named the nuncio, who had given a general absolution to the conspirators in the chapel of the holy virgin.

The house was now in flames. Rome insisted I should recal my words. Her nuncio, at Cologne, vented poison, daggers, and excommunication : the Empress-Queen herself thought proper to interfere. I obtained from Warsaw a copy of the examination of the conspirators for my justification. This I threatened to publish, and stood, unmoved, in the defence of truth. I acquired new honour, but new persecutors, likewise; as for protectors none : mine was the fate of all reformers, who must expect reward beyond the grave.

The Empress wrote to the postmaster general of the empire, commanded

manded him to lay an interdict on the Aix la Chapelle Gazette. Informed of this, I ended its publication with the year, but wrote an essay on the partition of Poland; which, also, did but increase my enemies. The priests took care not to be idle at these moments.

The magistracy of Aix la Chapelle is elected from the lower ranks of people, and the Burger's court consists of an ignorant rabble. I know no exceptions, but Baron Lamberte and De Witte; and, to heighten the ridicule, this people assume to themselves titles of dignity, for which they are amenable to the fiscal court at Vienna. Knowing I found little protection at Vienna, they imagined they might attack and drive me from their town. I was a spy on their evil deeds, of whom they would willingly have rid themselves.

I likewise knew that the two sheriffs, Klofs and Furth, and the recorder, Geyer, had robbed the town-chamber of forty thousand dollars, and divided the spoil. To these I was a dangerous man; for such reasons, they fought a quarrel with me, pretending I had committed a trespass by breaking down a hedge, and sent a serjeant, citing me to appear at their town-house.

It is a well-known right of the empire, that no magistrate of these courts can enforce the personal appearance of a staff-officer. I was subject only to the court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna. But by this court they soon understood I should not be protected. A most disagreeable litigation ensued. By accident I obtained a letter from Count Gravenitz, member of the Aulic council, to the postmaster, Heinsberg,

berg, with whom I had also a suit pending, in which he said that, though justice was on my side, he would undertake to weary me by procrastination : he fulfilled his promise, and my wife was obliged to pay three hundred florins of gold, under pain of execution, while I was absent at Vienna, endeavouring to obtain right.

This was a trifle. The postmaster, Heinsberg, of Aix la Chapelle, although he had two thousand three hundred rix-dollars of mine in his possession, instituted false suits against me, on pretence of a note, which was nothing more than a receipt, for a thousand dollars on account, obtained verdicts against me contrary to the most clear and evident justice, seized on a cargo of wine, worth three thousand eight hundred dollars, at Cologne, and I, on the whole,

incurred losses to the amount of eighteen thousand florins, exclusive of the interruption given to the trade I carried on in wine; which devoured the fortune of my wife, and by which she, with myself, and my children, were reduced to poverty.

Let it not be imagined these are merely assertions. The president of one of the courts, to whom I complained, after moralizing concerning the vanity of earthly, and the reality of heavenly, hopes, in a letter told me, "It might be the will of God that I should be treated with injustice. He could afford me no help, for he had received her majesty's commands."——The referendary, Gravenitz, himself, in 1778, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged how much he had injured me, affirmed he had been deceived, and promised he would
endea-

endeavour to obtain restitution. I was moved, and forgave him, and he attempted to keep his promise; but his power declined, his corruptness had been manifest, the bribes he had received were become too public. He was at length dispossessed of his post, but, alas! too late for me. He now lives, like the greater part of my enemies, a banished man in Poland, despised, and in poverty. Two other of my judges are at this time obliged, in chains, to sweep the streets of Vienna, where they are condemned to the house of correction. Had this been their employment, instead of being seated on the seat of judgment, twenty years ago, I might have been more fortunate. It certainly is a remarkable circumstance that I should so often and so continually have been despoiled by unjust judges. Who

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would have dared to have published their deserts during the plenitude of their power? Who would have had the temerity to affirm their evil deeds should hereafter bring them to attend on the city scavenger? I indeed knew them but too well, and, fearless, spoke what I knew. But I was a restless man! A slanderer of imperial courts of justice I! It was my misfortune, not my fault, that I was acquainted with their mal-practices sooner than my gracious sovereign.

Here let the scene close on my litigations at Aix la Chapelle and Vienna. May God preserve every honest man from the like! True it is they hang heavy on my heart: They have swallowed up my own property, and that of my innocent wife. Enough! Enough!

From the year 1774 to 1777 I chiefly spent my time in journeying through

through England and France. I was intimate with Dr. Franklin, the American minister; and with the Counts St. Germain and de Vergennes, who made me advantageous proposals to go to America; but I was prevented accepting them by my affection for my wife and children.

My kind friend, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who had been governor of Magdeburg during my imprisonment, offered me a commission in his service among the troops going to America: but I answered—

“Gracious prince, my heart beats
“in the cause of freedom only, I
“will never assist in enslaving men.
“Were I at the head of your brave
“grenadiers, I should revolt to the
“Americans.”

During the year 1775 I continued, at Aix-la-Chapelle, my periodical essays, entitled, “The Friend of
“Men.”

“ Men.” My writings had made some impression; the people began to read; the monks were ridiculed, and became more humble: my partisans increased, and their arch-leader had the good fortune to get himself cudgelled.

They did not now mention my name publicly, but catechised their penitents at confession. During this year various simple people came to me from Cologne, Bonn, and Dusseldorf, desiring to speak with me in private. When I inquired their business, they told me their clergy had informed them I was propagating a new religion, in which every man must sign himself over to the devil, who then would supply them with money. They were willing to become converts to my faith, would Beelzebub but give them money, and revenge them on their priests. “ My
“ good

“good friends,” answered I, “your
 “teachers have deceived you: I
 “know of no devils but themselves.
 “Were it indeed true that I was
 “founding a new religion, the con-
 “verts to which the devil would sup-
 “ply with money, your bishops and
 “priests would be the very first of
 “my apostles, and the most catholic.
 “I am an honest moral man, my wor-
 “thy friends, as a Christian ought to
 “be. Go home, in God’s name, and
 “do your duty. Be honest and in-
 “dustrious, and you will not then
 “want the devil to bring you money.”

I forgot to mention in its place
 that the recorder or president of the
 sheriff’s court at Aix la Chapelle,
 who is the son of the banker Geyer,
 and who is called Baron Geyer, had
 associated himself, in 1778, with a
 Jew convert, and a knight of indus-
 try; and that this noble company,

in

in concert, swindled a Dutch merchant out of eighty thousand florins, by assuming the arms of the Elector Palatine, and producing forged receipts and contracts. Geyer was taken in Amsterdam, and would have been hanged, but that, by the aid of a faithful servant, he effected his escape. He returned to Aix la Chapelle, where he enjoys his honourable office.—Three years ago it was proved he had robbed the town-chamber. His handsome wife was, at that time, *generis communis*, and procured him powerful friends at court. The assertions of this worthy gentleman found greater credit at Vienna than those of the innocent, the injured Trenck. Oh, Shame! Shame!—Oh, World! World! World!

My wine trade was so successful that I had correspondents and stores
in

in London, Paris, Bruxelles, Hamb-
 burg, and the Hague, and had
 gained forty thousand florins, with
 the most flattering prospects from
 England. One unfortunate day de-
 stroyed all my successful hopes in
 this traffic.

Being in London, I was defrauded
 of eighteen hundred guineas by a
 swindler. The relating of this story
 will do but little honour to the
 English nation. The fault was
 principally my brother-in-law's, a
 young man, who parted with the
 wine before he had received the
 money. In England there is no law
 against such deceivers. They bid
 you trust nobody, you will then not
 be wronged. And when I had been
 wronged, and asked my friend's as-
 sistance, I was only laughed at; as
 if they were happy that an English-
 man had the wit to cheat a German.

I can-

I cannot give a circumstantial history of this affair, but it is necessary to narrate it in the abstract, our prejudices being so strong in favour of the great worth and justice of the British nation.

Finding myself defrauded of my wine, I hastened to Sir John Fielding. He was acquainted with me, told me he knew I had been swindled, and that his friendship would make him active in my behalf; that he also knew the houses where my wine was deposited, and that a party of his runners should go with me, sufficiently strong for its recovery. I was little aware that he had, at that time, two hundred bottles of my best Tokay in his cellar. His pretended kindness was a snare; he was in partnership with robbers, the stupid among whom only he hung, and preserved the
most

most adroit for the promotion of trade.

He sent a constable and six of his runners with me, commanding them to act under my orders. By good fortune I had a violent head-ach, and could not attend them myself, but sent my brother-in-law, who spoke better English than I. Him they brought to the house of a Jew, and told him, "Your wine, sir, is here concealed." Though it was broad day, the door was locked, that he might be induced to act illegally. The constable desired him to break the door open, which he accordingly did: the Jews, in a pretended fright, came running, and asked—"What do you want, gentlemen?"—"I want my wine," answered my brother. — "Take what is your own," replied a Jew, "but be ware

“ware of touching my property.

“I have bought the wine.”

My brother attended the constable and runners into a cellar, and there found a great part of my wine. He wrote to Sir John Fielding, that he had found the wine, and desired to know how he was to act. Fielding, by a verbal message, answered,—“It must be taken by the owner.”—

My brother accordingly got a cart, and sent me the wine.

He attended the runners, in like manner, to the house of another Jew, where they proceeded as before, and he came back quite rejoiced at having recovered the wine.

Next day came a constable, with a warrant, saying, “He wanted to speak with my brother, and that it was to go to my friend, Sir John Fielding.” When he was in the street he touched him with his

his staff, and told him—"Sir, you
 "are my prisoner."—Here it must
 be remarked that no man can be
 arrested in his own house in London;
 but that, when he is in the street,
 and the constable has touched him
 with his staff, he is beyond delivery;
 and, should he run, would be stopped
 by the people.

All this I was a spectator of through
 the window, unable to give any as-
 sistance. I went, however, to Sir
 John Fielding, and asked what it all
 meant. This upright justice an-
 swered, in a magisterial tone—That
 my brother had been accused of fe-
 lony. The Jews and swindlers had
 sworn the wine was a legal purchase.
 If I had not taken care to be paid,
 or was ignorant of the English laws,
 that was my fault. Six swindlers
 had sworn the wine was paid for;
 which circumstance he had not
 known,

known, or he should not have granted me a warrant. My brother had also broken open doors, and forcibly taken away wine which was not his own. They had legally made oath of this, and he was charged with burglary and robbery.

He farther desired me immediately to give bail in a thousand guineas for my brother, for his appearance in the court of king's bench; otherwise, his trial would immediately come on, and in a few days he would be hanged.

What was my rage at finding myself thus treated! And how willingly would I have plunged my sword in the breast of a man so vile as this chief magistrate of London!

I hastened to a lawyer, who was my friend, who confirmed what had been told me, advised me immediately to give bail, and he would then defend

defend my cause. I applied to Lord Mansfield, and received the same answer. I told my story to all my great friends, who were chiefly members of parliament, and they laughed at me, for attempting to trade in London, without better understanding the laws. My intimate friend, Lord Grosvenor, said, "Send
 " more wine to London, and we
 " will pay you so well that you will
 " soon recover your loss."——This is the character of the nation. I am certain he would have kept his word, but I wanted the necessary capital.

I went to my wine merchants, who had stock in hand of mine worth upward of a thousand guineas. They gave bail for my brother, and in four days he was released.

Fielding, in the interim, sent his
 runners

runners to my house, took back the wine, and restored it to the Jews, as property of which they had been robbed. They threatened farther to prosecute me as a receiver of stolen goods. I fled, in all haste, from London, through Dover, to Paris, where I immediately sold off my remaining stock at half price, honoured my bills, and so ended my merchandize.

My brother returned to London, in November, to defend his cause in the court of king's bench; but the swindlers had disappeared, and the lawyer required a hundred pounds to proceed. The conclusion of all this was, my brother returned, with seventy pounds less in his pocket, spent as travelling expences; and the stock, in the hands of my wine merchants, was detained on pretence of paying the bail. They brought me in an apothecary

apothecary's bill, and all was lost. Thus do the English treat the Germans, notwithstanding I had so many friends in London.

I might fill a volume with similar instances. I shall only relate one short story. A German violin-maker, in London, intending to return home, had bought his wife a silver coffee-pot, which was left standing on the table in his chamber. Some one knocked at the door, and two Jews entered. One bespoke a violin, the other, while he was conversing, snatched up the coffee-pot, and ran. The German looked round, and missed the coffee-pot, but the other Jew told him, "Do not be uneasy, my friend, go with me, and I will make my comrade give you back your coffee-pot. It is only some trick: he is a mad-headed fellow."

The

The poor German went with the Jew, who brought him into a chamber, where were four other Jews, and his coffee-pot on the table. He took it, and said, "God be praised, "I have found it once more." The Jew answered not a word; and the German returned home with his coffee-pot.—Forthwith went five Israelites to the justice, and swore that the German had entered their chamber, and stolen thereout a silver coffee-pot. A constable attended them to the German's house. The Jew said, "That is my coffee-pot:" and the other swearers answered, "Yes, "that is yours." The German was taken into custody, and, being destitute of witnesses, was hung upon the evidence of the five Jews.

I spoke with this poor fellow in prison, who told me the story himself, and I actually saw this honest

man hung, by the pitiless English. What will my readers now say to this high-esteemed nation, which, in reality, for a thousand reasons, merits our contempt?

Enough of the proud and selfish Britons, who would treat us, and all other nations, as they do their negroes, were we to fall under their dominion.*

Many

* The names of the wine-merchants are omitted in the translation: the Baron may have been mistaken; they *may* have acted honestly. There is no doubt of the Baron's veracity; that is, speaking from the conviction of his own mind. He was in England, and, as he himself asserts, most shamefully swindled: those concerned have since become notorious. The perplexities of law daily expose the natives themselves to the arts of the dishonest. This is an inevitable defect, the consequence of an advantage the value of which foreigners seldom understand: they are, from temperament, more hasty than the English; they have been accus-

Many other particulars remain to be told of Aix la Chapelle, for which I have not sufficient room in this place.

The Swedish General Sprengporten came to Aix la Chapelle, in the year
1776.

tomed, in states less free, when injustice is manifest, to more summary proceedings; and, when they have any dispute in England, they usually fall into the very worst hands. Let us hope the Baron was misinformed, was hasty, and that the memory of Sir John Fielding has been wronged! If not—!

The Baron so little knew how he was to act, that it is impossible, from his narrative, to say whether his brother was arrested as a debtor or imprisoned as a felon. His perplexity and distress inspire abhorrence for those instruments by whom, instead of vigorously protecting an uninformed stranger, they were increased. The liberal-minded Englishman will pardon his severity on the nation, remembering how he was treated; though by individuals whom this and every nation must pity and despise.
The

1776. He had planned and carried into execution the revolution so highly favourable to the King, but had suddenly left Sweden in discontent, and came to take the waters with a rooted hypochondria.

He was the most dangerous man in Sweden, and had told the King himself, after the revolution, in the presence of his guards, "While Sprengporten can hold a sword, the King has nothing to command."

It was feared he would go to Russia, and Prince Charles wrote to

The story of the poor German and his coffee-pot, if the Baron was not deceived, is indeed a tragical one: yet would the oaths of five Jews have hung five hundred, or five thousand, Englishmen; were they equally destitute of the means to prove the falsity of such accusations. Not the laws, not the nation, wicked men only can be accused of such a murder. T.

me, in the name of the monarch, desiring I would exert myself, to the utmost, to become intimate with him, and persuade him to return to Sweden. No task could have been more difficult. He was a man of unbounded pride, which, notwithstanding the greatness of his abilities, rendered him either a fool or a madman. He likewise despised every thing that was not Swedish.

Never did I undertake any affair with more ardour or better success : I accomplished my purpose, gained his friendship, an unlimited power over his mind, and restored him to his king and country.

The Prussian minister, Count Hertzberg, the same year, came to Aix la Chapelle. I enjoyed the honour of his society and conversation three months, and every where accompanied this great man. To his
liberality

liberality am I indebted, that I can, at present, return to my country with honour. — As often as they read this, let my children remember the reasons I have had for inculcating this gratitude in their infant hearts.

The time I had to spare was not spent in idleness; I attacked those sharpers, in my weekly writings, who attend at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, to plunder both inhabitants and visitants, under the connivance of the magistracy: nor are there wanting foreign noblemen, who become the associates of these pests of society. The publication of such truths endangered my life from some of the desperadoes, who, when detected, had nothing more to lose. How powerful is an innocent life, how great that presence of mind which conscious virtue inspires, nothing can

more fully prove, than that I still exist, in despite of all the attempts of wicked and ignorant monks, and despicable sharpers.

Though my life was much disturbed, yet do I not repent of my manner of acting: many a youth, many a brave and worthy man have I preserved from destruction, detained from the gaming table, and personally pointed out to them the most notorious sharpers. This was so injurious to Spa that the Bishop of Liege himself, who enjoys a tax of forty per cent. on all their winnings, and therefore protects such villains, offered me an annual pension of five hundred guineas, if I would not come to Spa; or three per cent. on the winnings, would I but associate myself with Colonel N——t, and raise recruits for the gaming table. My answer may easily be imagined, yet,
for

for this, was I threatened to be excommunicated by the holy catholic church.

I and my family passed the greatest part of sixteen summers in Spa. My house became the rendezvous of the best and most respectable part of the company, and I personally known to some of the most respectable characters in Europe.

Through life it has been my constant desire to act for the benefit of others, and to obtain justice for the whole world, as well as for myself. Fatal experience has convinced me how visionary such schemes are.— By an effort of this kind I gave myself new cause of uneasiness.

A contest arose between the town of Aix la Chapelle, and Baron Blankart, the master of the hounds to the Elector Palatine: it originated in a dispute concerning precedence,

between the before-mentioned wife of the recorder, Geyer (who was at this time mistress to Baron Blankart, and also to a young canon of the church), and the sister of the Burgomaster of Aix la Chapelle, Kahr, who governed that town with oriental despotism.

This quarrel was highly detrimental to the town, and to the Elector Palatine ; but, at the same time, highly profitable to Kahr, whose office it was to protect the rights of the town, as well as to those persons who were deputed to defend the claims of the Elector : the latter kept a faro bank, the plunder of which had before enriched the town ; and the former, Kahr, under pretence of defending their cause, embezzled the money of the people : so that both parties, instead of wishing to end, endeavoured, with
all

all their power, to prolong the litigation.

It vexed me to the heart to see their proceedings. Those who suffered, on each side, were deceived; and I conceived the vain project of exposing the truth, and obliging these dishonest agents to an accommodation. For this purpose I journeyed to the electoral court, at Mannheim, related the facts to the Elector, produced a plan of accommodation, which he approved, and obtained full powers to act as arbitrator. The minister of the Elector, Bekkers, pretended highly to approve my honest zeal, conducted me himself to an audience, made me dine at his house, took me to the opera, said a commission was made out for my son, and forwarded to Aix la Chapelle, which was a falsity, and, the

moment he quitted me, sent post to Aix la Chapelle, thereby to frustrate the very attempt he pretended so much to applaud. He was himself in league with the parties. In fine, this honest, but silly, interference in what did not concern me, brought me only trouble, expence, and chagrin. I made five ineffectual journeys to Manheim, till at length I became so dissatisfied that I determined to quit Aix la Chapelle, and purchase an estate in Austria, where I might live in philosophic ease, and pursue the innocent avocations of agriculture.

The Bavarian contest was at this time in agitation: my own affairs brought me to Paris, and here I learned particular intelligence of great consequence: this I communicated to the Great Duke of Florence, on my return to Vienna.

The

The Duke departed to join the army in Bohemia, and I had occasion again to write to him, and, from the importance of the subject, thought it my duty to send a courier, at my own expence. The Duke shewed my letter to the Emperor; my intelligence was received, but I myself remained unnoticed.

I did not think myself very safe, in foreign countries, during the time of war, and therefore purchased the lordship of Zwerbach, with appurtenances, which, with the concomitant expences, cost me sixty thousand florins. This lordship was in a ruinous condition, and was to be restored by my money and industry.

To conclude this purchase, I was obliged, at great expence, to solicit, during eleven months, the referendary, Zetto, whose present habitation is the house of correction, and his good

friend whom he had appointed as my curator, and my new estate was likewise made a *Fidei commissum*, for my kind referendaries and curators would not let me escape contribution. The six thousand florins, of which, in one year, they exonerated my purse, would have done my family much service.

In May, 1780, I went to Aix la Chapelle, where my wife's mother died, in July, and, in September, my wife, myself, and family, all came to Vienna.

My wife solicited the mistress of the ceremonies, to obtain an audience. Her request was granted; and she had the good fortune to gain the entire approbation and favour of the Empress. Her kindness was beyond expression: she herself introduced my wife to the Arch-Dutcheß, as an example for women,

women, and commanded her grand mistress of the ceremonies to present her every where. "You were unwilling," said she, "to accompany your husband into my country, but I hope to convince you that you may live happier in Austria, than at Aix la Chapelle." She said many other things equally kind.

She next day sent me her decree, assuring me of a pension of four hundred florins, adding this should not be all she would do for me.

My wife petitioned the Empress to grant me an audience; her request was complied with, and the Empress said to me, "This is the third time in which I would have made your fortune, had you been so disposed." The audience lasted long; her discourse was that of a matron. She desired to see my children, adding, "So excellent a mother must have brought you

“you charming children.” She then spoke of my writings. “How much good might you do,” said she, “would you but write in the cause of religion!”

The prospect now seemed to brighten, and a happy futurity to approach. My wife received more honour and attention, while she remained at Vienna, than many of the first ladies of the city.

We departed for Zwerbach, where we lived contentedly, but, when we were preparing to return to Vienna, and solicit the restitution of a part of my lost fortune during this momentary sunshine of the court, the great Teresa died, and all my hopes were overcast.

I forgot to relate that, after my favourable audience, the Arch-Duchess, Maria Anna, spoke to me in the name of the Empress, and desired

fired me to translate a religious work, written in French, by the Abbé Baudrand, into German. I replied, I should have little success in translation, but that I would obey her majesty's commands. I began my work, took passages from Baudrand, but inserted more of my own, though the censor was less fastidious in the examination of what was intitled a translation. The first volume was finished in six weeks; the Empress thought it admirable. The second soon followed, and I presented this myself. She asked me if it equalled the first: I answered, I hoped it would be found more excellent. "No," said she, "I never in my life read a better book;" and added, she much wondered how I could write so well and so quick. I promised another volume within a month.

Before the third was ready, Teresa

refa died, and my expectations descended with her to the grave. She continually gave orders, on her death bed, to have the writings of Baron Trenck read to her; and, though her confessor well knew the injustice that had been done me, and all I had lost, yet, in these her last moments, when he had the most favourable of all opportunities, he kept a dastardly silence, though he had given me his sacred promise to speak in my behalf.

The censor permitted me, after her death, and the Arch-Dutcheſs even commanded that I should print what I have here ſtated in the preface to that third volume, and this was my only ſatisfaction.

Untoward, indeed, has ever been my fate. For one and thirty years had I been ſoliciting my right, which I never could obtain, becauſe the
Empreſs

Empress was deceived by wicked men, and believed me an arch-heretic. In the thirty-second, my wife had the good fortune to convince her this was false; she had determined to make me restitution, and my children fortunate, and just at this moment she died.

Oh Fortune, how dost thou sport with the passions of men! Yet, was it not so much the fault of fortune, as of myself. I was at length humble enough to accept justice as a favour, but then it was too late. My heart was conscious of not needing favour or forgiveness, for I had never done ill, therefore did I continue unfortunate; I chose the narrow path of innocence, my enemies the open field of vice. Their station was the strongest, and they have kept possession. All contest is now past, I am too old, and need rest.

For

For my children's sake have I written this history, have told these open truths, which perhaps may draw down new persecution on my head. The friends of innocence will be their friends. I have taught them to live satisfied, in this world, with what is necessary, and without that which is superfluous. Be this their inheritance, instead of their great Sclavonian estates; for the rest, I leave it to God, and that good fame in which their forefathers have always lived.

The pension granted my wife, by the Empress, in consequence of my misfortunes, and our numerous family, we only enjoyed nine months.

Of this she was deprived by the new monarch, who suppressed that, and various other pensions, as burthen some to the state. He, perhaps, knew nothing of the affair, as I never soli-

solicited. Yet, much has it grieved me. Perhaps I may find relief when the sighs wrung from me shall reach the heart of the father of his people, in this my last writing. At present, nothing for me remains, but to live, unknown, and buried, in Zwerbach.

After the death of the Empress, that I might fulfil every duty to my family, I wrote to the Emperor, desirous to be fully informed of what I had to hope. This was my memorial.

“ Most Gracious Emperor,

“ In a work printed at Aix la
 “ Chapelle, in 1772, the most essential parts of which I had the honour to present to you, in 1765, in
 “ manuscript, is the following passage :

“ All oppressed subjects ought, at
 “ stated

‘ stated hours, to have access to the
‘ throne; those who should prefer
‘ false complaints, seek to deceive, or
‘ to obtain unmerited favours, ought
‘ to be made public examples, and
‘ stand mutilated in the pillory.’

“ I, most gracious Sovereign, am
“ the first who will pronounce judg-
“ ment on myself, if I am not able
“ to prove I have been most un-
“ justly oppressed under the reign
“ of the great Maria Teresa, and
“ deprived of an immense property
“ by unjust judges, and men in
“ power; I therefore humbly pray
“ a judge may be appointed, before
“ whom I may be permitted to pro-
“ duce my proofs.

“ I am,

“ Gracious Monarch,

“ Your ever faithful subject,

“ TRENCK.”

In

In vain did I hope an answer: my petition remained unnoticed, unregarded.

The Emperor thought proper to collect the legacies, and monies, bestowed on hospitals, into one fund. The system was wise and good. My cousin Trenck, as I have before said, had bequeathed thirty-six thousand florins to a hospital for the poor of Bavaria, who had been ruined by him, and his pandours. This I shewed he had no right to do, having deducted the sum from the family estates; I therefore petitioned the Emperor that these thirty-six thousand florins might be restored, as by right they ought, to me and my children, who were the people whom Trenck had indeed made poor, nothing of the property of his acquiring having been left to pay this legacy, but, on the contrary,
the

the money having been violently exacted from mine.

Alas ! The memorial came before those who were ill informed of the truth, or deemed the enquiry too laborious. In a few days it was determined I should be answered in the same tone in which, for six and thirty years past, all my petitions and remonstrances had been answered :

THE REQUEST OF THE PETITIONER
CANNOT BE GRANTED.

Fortune, my irreconcilable enemy, persecuted me even in my retreat. Within six years, two destructive hailstorms swept away my crops ; one year was a misgrowth ; there were seven floods ; a rot among my sheep ; all possible calamities befel me, and my manor.

The estate had been totally ruined,
4 the

the ponds were to drain, the mansion-house to repair, three farms were to be put into a proper condition, and the whole new stocked. This rendered me poor, especially as my wife's fortune had been sunken in law-suits at Aix la Chapelle and Cologne.

The unfortunate, miserable peasants had nothing, therefore, nothing could pay; I, on the contrary, was obliged to advance them money. My sons assisted me; and we laboured with our own hands: my wife, an excellent woman, though accustomed to the affluence of the great world, yet, anxious to fulfil the duties of a mother, took care of eight children, without so much as the help of a maid. We lived in poverty and wretchedness, obliged to earn our daily bread by the sweat of the brow; and, had the Emperor, by chance, amid

amid his peregrinations, visited Zwerbach, he would have beheld the abode of industry and virtue, exerting themselves to fulfil all the duties of man, and our sufferings had certainly been less severe.

Enough: I have aided myself. The monarch, who oppressed, never beheld me crouching to his power. I have deserved a fate more favourable; I avoided a place where men are not actuated by the love of men, and hid myself in my Zwerbach: I sighed, said nothing, wrote much, feared no man, and rather desired to seek the world's utmost boundaries, than live a witness of certain scenes.

The greatest of all my misfortunes was my treatment in the military court, where Zetto and Krügel were my referendaries. Zetto had clogged me with a curator, and, when the

cow had no more milk to give, they then began to torture me with deputations, sequestrations, administrations, and executions. Nineteen times was I obliged, personally, to attend in Vienna within two years, and to travel fourteen posts each time at my own expence. This alone ate up my income. Every six years must I pay an attorney to dispute, wrangle, and quarrel, in my behalf, with the curator. Their mutual squabbles filled huge rolls of writing, for all of which I, in the conclusion, was obliged to pay. If any affair was to be expedited, I, by a third hand, was obliged to send the referendary some excellent ducats. Did he give judgment, still that judgment lay fourteen months inefficient, and, when it then appeared, the copy was false, and so was sent to the upper courts, the high refe-

rendary of which said " I must be
" dislodged from Zwerbach."

True it is, no such sentence was
ever inserted in their proceedings,
and, probably, he in turn may be
dislodged himself from the seat of
judgment, and once more become
the companion of the honourable
Zetto, in the house of correction.
So shall his power be lost, to dis-
lodge, to banish, worthy citizens
from the territories of Austria.

They obliged me at last to pur-
chase my naturalization. I sent to
Prussia for my pedigree, where the fa-
mily had been known four hundred
years; the attestation of this was sent
me by Count Hertzberg. Although
the family of Trenck had a hundred
years been landholders in Hungary,
yet was my attorney, by order of the
court, obliged to solicit the instru-
ment called ritter-diploma, for
which,

which, under pain of execution, I must pay two thousand florins. Thus are men treated in Vienna, and this treatment I certainly shall not soon forget.

By decree, a Prussian nobleman is not noble in Austria! In Austria! Where every lackey, every worthless fellow, can purchase a diploma, making him a knight of the empire, for twelve hundred wretched florins! Where money is the only merit necessary for acquiring the title of Count! Where such men as P— and Grassalkowitz have purchased the dignity of PRINCE!

I am, at length, suffered to be at rest. They, by whom I was persecuted, instead of cleansing courts of justice, cleanse the streets. They may, perhaps, soon have company.

Tortured by courts, terrified by hail-storms, I determined to dread

them no more, determined to depend on the productions of my pen, and to publish a collection of my works in eight volumes, and this history of my life.

Fourteen months accomplished this purpose. My labours found a favourable reception through all Germany, procured me money, esteem, and honour, and I will now no more struggle through my few remaining years under the burthen of law-suits, curators, referendaries, attornies, courts of justice, and the unworthy in authority. I will live as if I never had possessed any property on this poor earth but what is included within my own head. By my writings only will I seek the means of existence; by my writings only endeavour to obtain the approbation and the love of men.

For this I need not be of any
country,

country, want no title, no protection, no court favour, no lordships, no particular place of abode, no uniform, no *Fidei commiss-curator*! I am a free burger of the world, dependent on no earthly prince; and to my children I will leave my literary property. This nothing can confiscate.

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On the 22d of August, 1786, the news arrived that Frederic the Great had left this world!

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The present reigning monarch, the best among the friends of men, the witness of my sufferings in my native country, immediately sent me a royal passport for Berlin. The confiscation of my estates was annulled, and my deceased brother, in Prussia, had left my children his heirs!

* * * * *

I journey, with the imperial permission, back to my country, which I have been two and forty years expelled! I journey—not as a pardoned malefactor, but as a man whose innocence has been established by the whole tenor of his actions, has been proved in his writings, and who is journeying to receive his reward!

Here I shall once more encounter my old friends, my relations, and those who have known me in the day of my affliction. Here shall I appear, not as my country's Traitor, but, as my country's Martyr! The Martyr of Virtue!

What is the expansion of my soul at obtaining that for which I so long have laboured! What my joy at the prospect of futurity, at the victory which fortitude, honour, and truth, unshaken, have won! I

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imagined my end would have been, what my life was—tragical ! But a different scene opens to my view. Of this resplendent scene again shall I appear one, and now have I to prove I am the very man I have so often asserted myself to be, in this mournful history. Yet is it a great undertaking for a grey head, become grey in its contests with misfortune, and requiring retirement and rest. Slumbering ambition, lulled by philosophy, again is roused, animates and inspires my soul, prompting me to seek that reward for others which once I sought for myself. To them I leave my name and rights ; to them, whom, not requiring their consent, I called into existence ; who, from the example of their father, contemplating the past, might imagine this nether world only the hell of man, and that they must

first expect the rewards of virtue beyond the grave, had they not learned, from my example, also, to expect better of futurity. Yes, for my eight children will I still live; I will conduct them into those paths of honour in which I was myself conducted by my ancestors: paths to me so gloomy, yet so glorious.

Safe am I arrived in haven, a weather-beaten, but experienced, shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life's perturbed shores; often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered.

Possible, though little probable, are still future storms. For these, also, am I prepared. Long had I reason daily to curse the rising sun, and, setting, to behold it with horror. Death to me appears the greatest benefit; a certain passage
from

from agitation to peace, from motion to rest. I fear not the terrific dreams of futurity. As for my children, they, jocund in youth, delight in present existence. When I have fulfilled the duties of a father, to live or die will then be as I shall please; nor is it impossible but a remarkable supplement may follow, of the strange vicissitudes of this my life, in which I may speak more openly of things I have been, in prudence, obliged partly to conceal.

Thou, oh God! my righteous judge, didst ordain that I should be, that I might remain, an example of suffering to the world; thou madest me what I am, gavest me these strong passions, these quick nerves, this universal glow, this thrilling of the blood, when I behold injustice. Strong was my mind, that deeply it might meditate on deep subjects;
strong

strong my memory, that these meditations I might retain; strong my body, that proudly it might support all it has pleased thee to inflict.

Could I believe, with St. Paul, that there are, indeed, vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, then might I affirm that, to such, this world were a hell. But not so: with the eyes of philosophy I contemplate the good God, who himself is void of wrath, revenge, or the poor passions by which his poor creatures are tortured. Him have I to thank for enabling me to encounter and to conquer a host of troubles, and leaving me still in being to reap the fruit of my victories.

Should I continue to exist, should identity go with me, and should I know what I was, then, when I was called Trenck; when that combination of particles, which Nature commanded

manded should compose this body, shall be decomposed, scattered, or in other bodies united; when I have no muscles to act, no brain to think, no retina on which pictures can mechanically be painted, my eyes wasted, and no tongue remaining to pronounce the Creator's name, should I still behold a Creator; then, oh then, will my spirit mount, and indubitably associate with the spirits of the just, that expectant wait their golden harps, and glorious crowns, from the most high God — For human weaknesses, human failings, arising from our nature, springing from our temperament, which the Creator has ordained shall be even thus, and no otherwise; for these have I suffered enough on earth; for these can I have nothing to fear, beyond the grave, from a just God, who made me man, and not angel
and

and stationed me in that world in which his own hand had mingled good and evil.

Such is my confession of faith : in this have I lived, in this will I die. The duties of a man, and of a Christian, I have fulfilled ; nay, often have exceeded, often have been too benevolent, too generous ; perhaps, also, too proud, too vain ; I could not bend, although liable to be broken. Many a sleepless night has a noble thirst of knowledge made me pass. Existence was given man to be employed — I shall have sleep enough in eternal night.

That I have not served the world, in acts and employments where best I might, is, perhaps, my own fault ; the fault of my manner, which is now too radical to be corrected, in this my sixtieth year. — Yes, I acknowledge my failing, acknowledge-

knowledge it unblushingly; nay, glory in the pride of a noble nature. Joy shall spring up and quicken in my heart, when my example, the instructions I give to youth, shall teach them, idle and thoughtless as they often are, virtue and wisdom, and thus ensure their happiness. Joy shall make my white locks again youthful, when grey beards shall learn, from me, to think and act more honourably, and to die tranquilly. Joy shall again enlighten my soul, when the deceitful shall become honest; the idle industrious; the ignorant learned; the slave a free man; and the man of sin, upright, just, and benevolent.

For myself, I ask nothing of those who, having read my history, shall become my friends, for nothing I need; but to them do I commit my wife and children. My eldest son

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is a lieutenant in the Tuscany regiment of cavalry, under General Laschy, and does honour to his father's principles. The second serves his present Prussian majesty, as ensign in the Posa-dowsky dragoons, with equal promise. The third is still a child.—My daughters will make worthy men happy, for they have imbibed virtue and gentleness with their mother's milk. Monarchs may hereafter remember what I have suffered, what I have lost, and what is due to my ashes. With this reflection I calmly quit the world.

Here do I publicly declare——I will seek no other revenge against my enemies than that of despising their evil deeds. It is my wish, and shall be my endeavour, difficult as is the task, to forget the past, and, having committed no offence, neither will I solicit monarchs for fa-
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your and posts of honour, but, as I have lived a free man, a free man will I die.

Let the wise and benevolent reader grant me compassion, and, by my example, avoid much of that misery in which too much rashness, or too little caution, has involved me.

He, whose untimely ambition impels him to undertakings beyond his strength; he, who concerns himself with affairs not properly his own; he, who erects himself into a reformer of this world's abuses, will be the martyr of virtue, or, perhaps, the dupe of folly, and, after having lived persecuted, may even have the fortune to die despised.

I conclude this part of my history on the evening preceding my journey to Berlin: now, when I take leave of my beloved wife and children. Grant, oh God, that for them I may journey! God
grant

grant I may encounter no new afflictions, to be inserted in the third volume of this tragical history.—
Higher and better be my hopes.

Dated at the Castle of Zwerbach,

December 18th, 1786.

TRENCK.

END OF VOL. II.



